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Established in 1869. | to it that a vernment, of the People, for the People, and by the People, shall not perish from the Earth."---A. LINCOLN | Terms: $1.50 per Year

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[Our Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, Dec. 7, 1891.

Hon. Edward McPherson the retiring Clerk of the House of Representatives, who is probably as widely known among republicans, owing to his having been Secretary of the Republican Congressional Committee in a number of campaigns, as almost any man in public life who has never been a candidate for a national office called the House to order to-day, as the two hands met on the face of the big clock, over the door of the main entrance, and the session of the House of Representatives was formally declared open.

The first business was the swearing in of the members, which, in order to save time, was done by State delegations. As soon as this was over the House proceeded to the election of its officers. The democrat was of course, elected Speaker, receiving the unanimons vote of his party, although it was plain to be seen that the protracted and better contest, ending only a few minutes and that a goodly portion of them did so unwillingly—how unwilling ly will be made manifest later on in the pickerings that are certain to come over the bestowal of the committee chairmanships by the Speaker, a task which will hardly be accomplished before the holiday recess. The republicans voted solidly for Mr. Reed, and to a man they were proud to thus publicly endorse his able performance of the duties of the Speaker to be remembered Fifty-first Congress.

Mr. McPeerson then retired from the chair and the newly elected Speaker, escorted by Mr. Reed and his principal competitor before the democratic caucus for the nomination, took the chair amid applauses of those democrats who have been his original supporters in the causus. Then the House proceeded to the election of its other officers. All of the retiring House officials were honored by the republicans with complimentary nominations.

The Speaker appointed the usual committee to join with a like committee from the Senate to personally notify the President that the Fifty second Congress was in session and ready to receive any message that he might wish to send it. Then came what is always the most amusing thing about the opening of a new Congress the drawing for seats. Preliminary to this proceeding all of the members were requested to stand up, beyond the brass railing which runs around the hall, just at the back of the last row of seats. Each member was then given a number, and as many marbles as there were members were correspondingly numbered and placed in a box. A blind folded boy then appeared on the scene, and after the box had been well shakened he drew out one marble. The member whose number corresponded with that on the marble drawn had the first choice of seat. This was repeated amid the laughter and cheers of the members and the crowded galleries until the members were all provided with seats. Some of the most prominent members of both parties, as usual, drew the poorest seats, but this was remedied by other members who where more fortunate trading with them. Two of the members—Holmanof Indiana, on the democratic side and Oneil of Pennsylvauia on the republican side—were in accordance with the usual custom, allowed as the oldest members of the House to select their seats before the drawing began. Owing to the preponderance of democrats in the House, many of them are seated on the West side of the chamber, which is known as the republican side,

Vice President Morton, presided over the opening session of the Senate, which owing to the President having decided to with hold his annual message until Tuesday, was confined to the business of swearing in the new Senators, of whom there were sixteen, an unusually large number.

Commissioners from a large number of the British Colonies are here, and all of them confess to being on the anxious bench lest the President shall take advantage of the authority given him by the reciprocity clause of the McKinley Tariff law to restore the duty upon their hides and sugar after Jan. 1, next. They, one and all, wish to reciprocate with us sufficiently to save themselves.

The Mills-Crisp dead-lock which existed in the democrtic caucus from Saturday until to-day, is but, a demonstration of the harmony that exists between the Cleveland, and anti-Cleveland wings of that party in the House, and it may be added out of the House too.

A Dispute Question.

Scientists and electricians cannot agree upon the number of electric volts which are necessary to cause a cessation of life in the human body some claim that an excessive shock is more likely to cause incineration rather than instantaneous death, but if they would turn their attention to prolonging and increasing the pleasure of life, the public would hail the result with more satisfaction. For instance, the electricity generated in a wave of laughter is after all the most pleasant shock, and to see a large assemblage moved by a current of uncontrollable mirth while witnessing the play of "She Couldn't Marry Three," places beyond dispute the fact that large volts of laughter are better than volts of electricity any day.

The Ladi 's Home Journal

The heart of a women must be pleased when she sees such a magazine prepared for her special pleasure as is the Christmas LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. In every respect is this a model issue. Under a beautiful new cover, printed in a deep red on a background of rich gray, is given a wonderful wealth of good material. Mame Dickens, the favorite daughter of the great novelties, contributes the first story ever written by her, and this has an interest all its own. Amelia E. Barr has a delightful article on "When I Was a Girl;" Mrs. Burton Harrison, author of The Anglomaniacs," treats at length and most interestingly "Social Life in New York" as only she, as one of Gotham's foremost social leaners, could do; "Christmas on an Old Plantation" is told by Rebecca Cameron, and illustrated by E. W. Kemble; Adelina Pattie Edna Lyall, Mamie Dickens Lady Mackenzie, Mrs Kendal write Christmas greetings to American women from cross the sea; "The Girl Who Loves to Sing" is told how to to train her voice, build it up and preserve it by such eminent singers as Campanini, Clementine De Vere, Minnie Hauk, Marie, Roze Clara Poole and Louise Natali Hezekioh Butterworth has a long Christmas poem superbly illustrated by W. L. Taylor; the Princess Bismarck is sketched in "Unknown Wives of Well-known Men," while Miss Winnie Davis, daughter of Jefferson Davis, is photographed and sketched under "Clever Daughters of Clever Men;" there is a sweet Christmas story entitled "A Christmas Girl;" Palmer Cox makes his famous "Brownies" have a glorious Christmas tree Mrs. Henery Ward Beecher continues her glimpses of "Mr. Beecher as I Knew Him" while Dr. Talmage, Maria Parloa, Margaret Bottome, Isabel Mallon and all the sixteen editors of the JOURNAL crowd their departments with the brightest and most readable matter. There is practically no end to the delight in such a magazine as this, and when its of ten cents is considered, the marvel increases. Twelve such JOURNALS are given for One Dollar a year by The Curtis Publishing Company of Philadelphia.

AN IMPORTANT ARREST MADE.

NEW YORK, Dec. 6—Interest in the attempt to kill Russell Sage on Friday last was continued today by the arrest of William D. Southworth, the man who sought to interest Harry Horne. the dime museum lecturer, in the organization for the general betterment of mankind by the overthrowing of monopolies, It was said yesterday that Southworth had gone to Central America, but he was found by Inspector Byrnes, men near the city and taken to police headquarters. Southworth is undoubtly a crank and confessed to Inspector Byrnes that he had been an inmate of a lunatic asylum. He was taken to the morgue and shown the head of the dynamiter, but he said he had never seen it in life. In that particular he contradicted the story of Horne, who said that the dead man introduced Southworth to him at the museum two months ago.

Working for the Presidential Nomination.

What man can tell who will be nominated for President by the Republicans or Democrats. Each one works his "boom" for all its worth. First we read Blaine's mind is tottering, that he's a physical wreck, again that he suffers only from indigestion, and then we're told that Harrison don't want the nomination unless—Hill says nothing, and Cleveland is in the hands of his friends. There are so many rumors that we know nothing definite except that Al. S. Garman Manager opera house has secured the great comedy drama "She Couldn't Marry Three," and it is undeniably the greatest show that ever visited us.

The Secretary of the Navy's Reports.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 6—The report of the secretary of the navy has been made public. Mr. Tracy speaks in particular of the vessels which are now in progress of addition to the navy, the most important of the new constructions being protected cruiser No. 13. During the past year four new vessels have been placed in commission, making a total of thirteen since March 4. 1889. The suspects of armor ordnances, powder and high explosives, projectiles and torpedoes, are among the topics treated upon in the report.

—It will soon be time to prepare your good resolutions for January 1, 1892.

AN EXPLOSION OF DUST.

ONE MAN KILLED AND OTHERS WERE INJURED

BUFFALO, N. Y. Dec. 8—A few minutes past 7 o'clock this morning an alarm of fire rang through the planing mill and yards of Lee, Holland & Co., on Court street, and the workmen hastened to help in putting out the fire. It was found to be located in the shaving room, and into which shavings are brought by pipes.

This room is walled up solidly with brick, and is completely fire proof. A fire starting in it cannot, under ordinary circumstances, communicate with other portions of the building. But there is another danger common to such rooms, and in places where dust accumulates. Dust is as explosive as powder, and its destroying force is almost as powerful. It was the dust in the shavings room that exploded this morning and caused the disaster.

Through a slide from the shavings room above the fire was working down into the boiler room, and it was for the purpose of drowning out this little blaze that the workmen rushed forward, hose in hand. They were standing in a narrow passage when the explosion occurred. Directly in front of them was the boiler room and shavings room, using about thirty feet. The top portion of this wall was blown out, fell upon a light roof over the passageway, carried it down and buried the workmen beneath.

The steam was shut off as soon as possible and willing hands were quickly at work to rescue the imprisoned workmen. It was found that five were caught in all. One was completely out of sight, while others were buried up to the breast. It took about thirty minutes to get them all out. Nick Brader, the first man rescued, was only slightly hurt.

Two boys named Martin Volk and John Steve were caught together. Volk is suffering greatly. The fourth reached was Peter Wurtz. He did not appear to be very badly bruised but he was terribly scalded by escaping steam. The fifth and last man taken out was dead. His name was Louis Loesch, unmarried, aged 32. The dead man and three injured were taken away by ambulance.

A DOG THAT TELLS THE TIME OF DAY.

Col. F. N. Barksdale, of the passenger department of the Pennsylvania railroad, has a dog that can tell the time of the day. Col. Barksdale has a very fine clock, that strikes only on the hour, and then very slowly. The colonel got into the way of making the dog tap with his foot at each stroke of the clock. Finally, he got so he would do so without being told. Just before the clock strikes it gives a little cluck, and whenever the dog heard this he would prick up his ears, raise his paw and gently tap his paw at each stroke without being told. After awhile he got so that when anyone clucked like the clock he would get into position and wait for the strokes. He was, for a long time, confused at not hearing the clock, but after awhile, began tapping his paw, anyway. The remarkable point is that, after awhile, he remembered how many strokes were due at each succeeding hour, so that now, whenever the colonel clucks, he gets into position and taps the number of strokes the clock should make next time. Thus at any time after 10 o'clock, he taps eleven times, after 4 o'clock five times, etc. Some learned scientists are going to investigate the matter to see whether the dog actually posesses reasoning faculties. Col. Barksdale will not part with the dog under any conditions.

Senator Wallace Speaks out.

Ex.Senator Wallace said in a recent interview: "Pennsylvania is absolntely suffering from the flood of illiteracy that is coming in upon it from other counties. I would not hestitate to take the stump in advocacy of compulsory education—not the compulsory education that is sometimes agitated, but for qualification that would compel foreigners to read and write before they are allowed to vote. I would favor the enactment of a law that would [illegible] eigner when he is 16 to 18 years old: "You must learn to read and write, else you cannot exercise the right of the ballot." That, I think, would be a spur in the head of the young foreigner, and that, I think, would act as a screen between the ballot and the illiteracy from which Pennsylvania, New York and other large States are now suffering,

CHRISTMAS LESLIE'S

The Christmas number of Frank Leslie's Weekly is simply superb. It is even better than last year's, and that is saying a great deal. Its cover reminds one strongly of English publications, but its pages are filled with the best of American art and letter-press. Its double page represents the crusade of the children in the thirteenth century, when over 300,000 of these little people lost their lives in attempting to recover the holy sepulchre at Jerusalem. Among other delightful pages are "A Slippery Day in Boston," and the exquisite reproductions of the work of some of America's best amateur photographers. For sale by all newsdealers. Price, 25 cents.

ROSEWELL G. HORR AND THE TRIBUNE.

The best, and most satisfying explanations of the particular issues that will be uppermost in the campaign of 1892, which have been printed in any natianal newspaper during 1891, have been the writings of Roswell G. Horr, of M chigan, in THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE. Mr. HOTT has devoted his attention to the Tariff, Reciprocity, Silver Coinage, the Currency and the new projects of the Farmers' Alliance, and prints several columns a week about these matters. He has begun at the beginning of every subject and made his explanations clear, genial, entertaining and perfectly unanswerable. There is testimony that this work by THE TRIBUNE has greatly aided the Republican cause in many States already. Mr. Horr will continue to write for THE TRIBUNE during 1892, and men of every party will find in that paper the most admirable explanations of Republican opinion on the great questions, which now come to the front, with reference to 1892. A multitude of other special features will characterize THE TRIBUNE the coming year. There is a page for old soldiers, and two for families, and two or three for farmers. Many people of distinguished reputation are writing for its columns over their own signatures and upon topics of practical value; and the editorials, foreign letters, reviews, etc.' of THE TRIBUNE are admirable. For a dollar, there is no paper of a national character better worth the money. A strong point of THE TRIBUNE is its purity, accuracy, and helpfulness in the family. One of its features in 1892 is to be a series of papers on "How to Succeed in Life," and young people are encouraged to put questions to THE TRIBUNE, which will be answered by Mr. HOTT. THE TRIBUNE is a good paper to have in addition to your own local paper. See prospectus in another column.

COLLEGE BOY'S HABITS.

An American college contains from 500 to 1500 boys, rich, poor, ambitious or thoughtless, as the case may be. Among them there is sure to be a mischief making element. The escapades of these are telegraphed over the country and commended on by a sternly indignant press. Had the indiscretions been committed by boys out of college they would never have attracted even passing attention. From these widely circulated stories, always exaggerated and affecting at most but a handful of students, the idea has sprung that to send a boy to college is to cast him into a moral fiery furnace, where he will be assailed by every form of temptation. This is as far from the truth us it can well be. There are few temptations in college life which are not encountered in the every day world. On the other hand, there is a standard of college morals which must be lived up to by any student who cares to preserve his social standing among his fellows. This is not, in some ways, a high standard, but it is higher than any to be found in comon use outside college walls. To live by it is to acquire the habits of thought and the manners of a gentleman. The only wonder is that college disturbances are so rare.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

This week's issue of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly is replete with beautiful art pictures and illustrations of current events. The principal features are the double-page representation of Alaskan Esquimaux returning with supplies to their winter quarters; illustrations of the famous "Meininger" company, the great German exponents of Shakespeare; sketches of the Pennsylvania Industrial Reformatory at Huntingdon, together with an article descriptive of the operations of that [illegible] and illustrations of the recent terrible earthquake in Japan and the Brooklyn aqueduct disaster. This issue also contains the second article of the second series on the "Coming Crisis" by Lieutenant Totten. These articles have created great interest throughout the country, and this one will be found interesting to business men as well as to theologians.

—Of all the law offices in Bellefonte those of the firm of Orvis, Bower & Orvis will soon be fitted up, the handsomest and most complete of any in Central Pennsylvania. A large book case has just been received and is now being put up which covers the entire one side of the office. Other improvements are being made and furniture added and when finished it will lack nothing for completeness.

CONGRESS CONVENES.

GREAT CROWDS WERE PRESENT TO WITNESS THE OPENING OF THE SESSION.

WASHINGTON, December 7.—Great crowds flocked to the capitol this morning to witness the opening of the Fifty-second congress. The galleries of the house wing especially were packed with spectators. At exactly 12 o'clock Clerk McPherson ascended to the clerk's desk and called the house to order. Not since the Forty-fourth congress has any hold over a clerk in performing a similar duty faced so many new workers in the legislative field. The clerk immediately arose to call the roll. As Mr. Reed responded to his name, his republican colleagues gave him a round of applause. There was a great deal of noise in the hall and it was with difficulty that the clerk could record the responses. The candidates for the speakership wandered through the chamber and greeted their friends, while much amusement was caused by a merry conference held by McMillin, Hatch and Springer in front of the speaker's desk. The clerk having announced the presence of 326 members, the house immediately, on motion of Mr. Holman, Indiana, adjourned to meet at noon to-morrew.

The senate galleries were also crowded by spectators to witness the opening of the senate. The desk of the vice president and that of many of the new senators were decorated with flowers. At noon the vice president took the chair. The session was opened with prayar by the chaplain. At the conclusion of the prayer the vice president called the senate to order and laid before it the credentials of the new senators and the resignations received by him during the recess. The question of seating Mr. Cole or Mr. Davidson, each claiming to be the senator from Florida, and Mr. Dubs, of Idaho, went over until to-morrow When the credentials of Mr. Brice, of Ohio were presented Senator Sherman stated to the senate that although a large portion of the citizens of Ohio contended that Mr. Brice was not an inhabitant of that state at the time of his election, and was therefore not eligible to his seat, he considered that Mr. Brice is entitled to be sworn in on the primifacia case of his credentials. Senator Sherman further added that his statement was in no wise to be considered a waiver if Brice could be proven not to have been a citizen of Ohio at the time of his election. Senate adjourned until to-morrow.

DELAMATER IN THE WEST.

READING, Pa., Dec 7.—Frank C. Smink yesterday returned from a six weeks' trip to the Pacific coast. During his trip he spent some days in Tacoma, Wash., where he saw George W. Delamater, the late Republican candidate for governor of Pennsylvania. Delamater, he says, is practicing law in Tacoma, and is bravely beginning at the bottom of the ladder to retrieve his lost fortunes. He is living in humble style with three young men from Pennsylvania, one of whom is Calvin Herty, formerly of Reading, now manager of the Tacoma Opera-house. They have a suite of rooms and keep bachelor's hall in frugal style. Delamater, Mr. Smink says, has been very kindly received by the people of Tacoma, who are disposed to sympathize with him in his misfortunes, political and otherwise.

The old and well-established lawyers have thrown considerable business into his hands and he is doing fairly well, and it is predicted that if he gets rid of his trouble in Pennsylvania he may in time achieve in the State, of his adoption an eminence proportionate to that which he lately held in his native commonwealth. He expects to remove his family to Tacoma in the spring,

Patrons of Husbandry.

Harrisburg, Dec. 8.—The state grange, Patrons of Husbandry, met here to-day, over three hundred delegates being present. Worthy Master Rhone presided. The afternoon session was consumed in examining credentials and appointing committees and the address of the worthy master. This evening an open meeting [illegible] at which addresses were made by Governor Pattison, Professor Albert S. Bolles and Colonel Price, of Scranton. The latter spoke on the equality of taxation. The address of worthy Master Rhone was largely devoted to taxation. In it he stated that during the year sixty-six granges had been organized and 7,000 new members added to the order. The financial affairs are in a flourishing condition.

FOR BOROUGH OFFICERS.

As it is now only a little more than two months until the Citizens of Bellefonte will be called upon to elect men to fill the various borough offices, would it not now be well to look around and make selection of men best fitted to serve in the several offices. And in this respect it might be said select men who will make good officials and not men who desire the office merely for the honor or prestige that is in it. Select men who will have the interest of the taxpayers and the right handling of the people's money at heart, and not men who are all the time trying to see how much they can do and how much of the people's money they can spend. This is a question that needs thought.

BEECHER'S FIRST HOME.

One room served for entrance into the house, for parlor, study, and bedroom; the other to the dining and workroom, writes Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher in describing the first home which she and Mr. Beecher had years ago in the West, in the December *Ladies' Home Journal*. The bedroom was so small that I was obliged to make the bed on one side first, then go out on the veranda, raise a window, reach in and make the bed on the other side. Not such very troublesome work after all, when one gets accustomed to it. The little kitchen—partitioned off from the veranda—was just large enough to allow a passage between the cooking table and the stove into the dining-room without burning my dress; and my kitchen table was only divided from Mr. Beecher's study table by the partition. For nearly seven years this was our home—a home full of cares and no luxuries; but a very happy home—for many reasons the happiest we ever knew, for we were less separated there. In Brooklyn, in later years, Mr. Beecher's public duties naturally drew him more away from the family circle, but in those days in the West I had him almost entirely to myself.

THE COLUMBIA DAILY CALENDAR

An old friend in a new dress, and an article that has come to be one of the indispensables of an editor's desk, comes to hand in the Columbia Daily Calendar for 1892. The Calendar is in the form of a pad containing 367 leaves, each 5½ x 2⅝ inches; one for each day of the year, to be removed daily, and one for the entire year. The day of the week, of the month, and of the year are given, and each slip bears a short paragraph pertaining to cycling or some kindred subject. At the bottom of each leaf is a blank for memoranda, every leaf being accessible at any time. The stand is an entirely new departure, being made of sheet metal finished in ivory black, and is very compact. At the close of the year the stand will be available for another pad. This is the seventh issue of this now well-known Calendar, yet all the matter is fresh and new, having been carefully collated from leading publications and prominent writers, most of it being specially written for this purpose. It comprises notable events in cycling, opinions of physicians and clergymen, hints about road making, and numerous other topics.

Eleven Hundred Rebels Killed.

London, Dec. 7.—Li Hung Chang, the viceroy of China, has telegraphed the Chronicle's Shanghai correspondent confirming the news of the utter, crushing defeat of the rebels, of whom 1,100 were killed. It is feared here that this unexpected success will cause the government to overrate its power to suppress the rebellion entirely.

The correspondent gives further details of the recent massacre which show that it was a veritable carnival of blood. He says: "The merciless horde attacked and set on fire several orphanages and an awful holocaust was the result. Terrible scenes were enacted on the roads along which Christians fled from the assassins. Many who became exhausted dropped by the roadside and died. The course of their flight is marked by corpses half eaten by dogs." Li *Hung* Chang has just telegraphed that martial law has been proclaimed throughout Manchuria.

BLANK PARDONS WANTED.

TOPEKA, KAN., Dec. 7.—About three weeks ago the Women's Christian Temperance union of Madison, greenwood county raided the drug store of C. C. Delahue, who had been found guilty of selling intoxicating liquors. The women demolished the plateglass windows of the store, which they entered by force, and poured out all the whisky and other intoxicating liquors.

The women are now threatened with prosecution and in view of that fact have sent the following petition to the governor:

"Whereas, These good women are threatened with prosecution, now, therefore, we pray your excellency to issue a few dozen pardons in blank and forward them to the president of the W. C. T. U. at Madison, Kan., with instructions to fill in the names of each lady so prosecuted that she may not be compelled to serve out a jail sentence and pay a large fine and costs for destroying the destroyer of her husband and home and thus your petitioners will ever pray."

—Cigarettes have been advanced from 5 to 8 cents per box all over town.

A QUERE RACE

[Continued.]

After this a few minutes' silence, during which the other boats came up and formed a wide circle round the hunters' boat,

"Do you see that?" said Mab, in an intense whisper.

"That" was the dorsal fin of a shark, and the next moment the huge fish rolled over, and opening his great jaws, bit the goat in two. Then another floated up from unseen depths and tried to tear the precious morsel from his companion's mouth, while a third, darting suddenly forward, snapped up the remaining portion.

"Now!" shouted the captain; and six of the hunters, drawing their long, sharp swords, slipped quietly overboard.

The sharks, having by this time finished with the goat, gave their attention to the new-comers. But while they were chasing one, the hunters dived under their bellies and stabbed them repeatedly with their swords, drawing blood at every stroke. Then, when the wounded monsters turned round to meet their enemy, the pursued would become pursuer, and help the comrade who had just helped him. The sharks, bewildered and infuriated, dashed hither and thither in wild confusion, lashing the water with their tails and dyeing it with their blood.

This went on for a quarter of an hour. It was horrible, yet fascinating. The very intensity of the excitement kept the spectators silent. Nobody spoke except the captain, who gave his orders from the boat like a commander during an action. Over and over again I thought one or other of the hunters would surely be killed or mutilated; but at the very moment when destruction seemed imminent, the almost victim would either evade the snap by an agile turn or dive out of sight, or a comrade distract the shark's attention by a sudden stab. One hunter thrust his sword into a shark's jaws, and leaving it there, swam to the boat for another.

The fight went on fast and furious, until one of the fishes, turning belly upward, floated to the top of the water—dead.

In obedience to an order from the captain, the hunters now returned to the boat for a few minutes' rest, which they had well earned, as also the praises of the queen and the plaudits of the spectators.

In the meantime the surviving sharks had fastened on the body of the slain, and others, scenting blood afar, were hurrying up to the feast.

"Have at them again! All!" cried the captain; and himself setting the example, plunged into the water sword in hand, leaving the boat to take care of itself.

This time the sharks, occupied with their meal, were rather taken at a disadvantage; but the creatures being so close together, the only way to get at them was to dive under their bellies, and much address was required to avoid blows from their tails, which were quite capable of breaking a limb. As, moreover, other sharks kept coming up and might take them unawares two of the hunters were told off to keep watch and ward, give notice of their approach, and afford help where help was most required.

In ten minutes after the opening of the second attack two more sharks were numbered with the slain, and almost before the breath was out of their bodies the others began to rend their dead companions, an occupation which they occasionally varied by a free fight among themselves.

"That makes a fourth," said Queen Mab, as another shark turned over on his back. "They have done very well. I think it is almost time to cry, 'Hold! enough!' What say you?"

"I am quite of your opinion," I answered. "Better stop before anybody is hurt."

"Good! I will order the yellow flag to be run up. That is the signal for the combat to cease."

The words were hardly spoken, when one of the hunters anticipated the signal by emerging from the throng and swimming, slowly and painfully, toward the boat. Climbing over the gunwale with some difficulty, he lay down in the stern.

"That is Bertram Hare," said Mab, anxiously. "I wonder what is the matter? Are you hurt, Bertram?"

"Nothing to speak of," answered the young fellow, smiling. "That last beggar we killed gave me a crack on the leg just as he was turning over; I rather think it is broken."

"I am very sorry. I was in hopes the day would end without any mishap. However, Doctor Sergeant will soon set you to rights. You will have to keep the house two or three weeks, though."

"That is the worst of it. But we have had a splendid day's sport, so I must not complain. The fortune of war, you know; and it might have been worse. The last bout we had, poor Tom Ferrers got bitten in two just as I gave the shark that did it the death-stroke."

"What Spartans those fellows are!" I said. "But a broken leg cannot surely be cured in two or three weeks?"

"Not quite; but he will be able to hobble about in two or three weeks, and be quite well in five or six."

"In England broken legs take double that time to get well."

"Yes; but in England you eat beef and drink beer and spirits."

"And don't you eat beef and drink beer and spirits?"

"As we have no cattle we can have no beef; and in the way of animal food we confine ourselves to fish, fowl, and venison, and eat very little even of that—don't care for it, in fact. While as for beer and spirits, one of my ancestor's first proceedings when he decided to settle in the island was to cast all the rum in the spirit-room of the 'Santa Anna' into the sea. When he became protector, he prohibited the production of strong drink in any shape, and the prohibition has been maintained by his ancestors."

"You are all teetotalers, then?"

"Teetotalers? What is a teetotaler?"

"Don't you know? Ah, I was forgetting. It is a word of the present century. Teetotalers are people who religiously abstain from strong waters."

"In that case we are teetotalers, for we drink only nature's own water."

"And athletes," I added. "Your ancestor was a wise man, Queen Mab. I dare say you are all the better without beef and beer. At any rate you look wonderfully strong and healthy, and Mr. Field tells me you are very long-lived. But you must remember that you have an exceptionally fine climate, and spend much of your time in the open air; that counts for a great deal."

"Yes," she said, significantly; "there are worse places to live in than the Fair Island; and though I should certainly like to see England—"

Here she paused, and I seized the opportunity to drop a hint that I should like to see England at no distant date, and to inquire whether I might reckon on her consent to my departure and her assistance in getting away. But she pretended not to hear (though her ears were as sharp as her cousin's), and instead of answering, asked me to dine with her at the Queen's House.

"We are going to have some cock-fighting," she said, "and afterward a dance. Our dances are, of course, very old-fashioned; but you will perhaps oblige me by teaching us some of the steps that are now the mode in England."

"I bowed, and answered that I should be only too delighted to oblige her in that or any other way; but I was much put about by her refusal to grant my request (for that was what it amounted to). I saw that for some reason or other she was resolved not to let me go; and for the first time I began to consider seriously whether it would not be possible to find a way of leaving the island without her knowledge, and in spite of her evident desire to detain me. Though as ignorant as ever of our exact whereabouts, I had gathered from the records that we were "in the west," and I felt sure that we were no very great distance from some part of the American continent.

When I entered my room at Mr. Field's house, some three hours later, I found lying on my table a three-cornered note, on very rough paper, addressed in a sprawling, school-boy hand to "Mr. Erle." It contained these words—

SIR:—The Fair Island is not good for your Health, and your Presence is not desired. You may take ten Days to make your Arrangements for Departure; but if after the Expiration of that Time you are still here, you are as certain as you are living to meet with a serious if not a fatal Accident.

"A PRESENT FRIEND, BUT A POTENTIAL FOE."

"Pleasant!" I thought, after reading this precious missive over a second and third time. "The queen refuses to let me go; and if I stay I am to be murdered!"

CHAPTER XXI.—A DANCING LESSON.

I hate anonymous letters. You can never tell what to make of them—whether they are jest or earnest, whether the writer really means what he says, or is merely amusing himself at your expense. The letter I had just received looked like a grim joke; for who could suppose that it was possible for me to get away in ten days, even though the queen and the Council of Nine were as willing to let me go, as they were notoriously unwilling? It was hardly conceivable that I had made an enemy already, and I could think of nobody who had an interest in hastening my departure.

Yes, it must be a joke; and yet—I felt that there might be something in it, after all. But if the rascally writer of the letter thought to frighten me, he was mistaken. His threat should not force me to leave the island a day sooner than suited my convenience, even though I were at full liberty to leave, and the means of leaving were at my disposal.

Had I merely consulted my inclinations, and been able to inform my mother of my whereabouts and safety, I should have been quite content to make a long stay in the island. Queen Mab and her piebald people interested me much, and I wanted to see more of them. But the "Diana" was long past due at Montevideo; unless she was soon heard of, the owners and underwriters must needs conclude that she was lost, with all on board, and my mother, who had only me, would be well-nigh heart-broken. It was, moreover, my duty to inform poor Mrs. Peyton, and the other friends of those who had perished, so soon as might be, of the fate that had befallen them; and I could not forget that the longer I was absent from Liverpool the more difficult I should find it to obtain a situation when I got back. Out of sight is out of mind; and if people began to think me dead, they would forget me altogether.

Yet what could I do? It seemed that without the queen's help I could do nothing. For aught I knew, the nearest port where it would be possible to obtain a passage for Europe or the West Indies might be hundreds of miles away. Another voyage in the "Diana" was out of the question; but if Mab could be persuaded to give me an idea of the latitude and longitude of the island, and lend me the "Sunflower" and her crew, the thing might be done. It would be asking a great deal, since, apart from her own wishes, she could not send her yacht on a distant voyage without running counter to the prejudices of her people and the injunctions of that remarkable ancestor of hers whose will, though he had been dead a century, seemed to be still their law. Yet it was my only chance, and if I went on as I had begun, and continued to please her, I might eventually win her consent to my project.

On the other hand, I felt that it would be a mistake to hurry matters, to weary her by importunity, or appear over-eager to get away. I must wait for a favorable opportunity to proffer my request, and it would be well, if I could, to insure her help by placing her under an obligation. My cue, in short, was patience and politeness.

Should I say anything to her—or anybody else—about the anonymous letter? On the whole, I thought not. If it were a hoax, I should only by so doing expose myself to ridicule; while if an enemy were the writer, I should be putting him on his guard and making him think that I was afraid. Better keep my own counsel and watch and wait.

As the note had come through the post (I did not know before that the island possessed a post), I had no clew to the identity of the sender. It was a mystery, and, for the present, must remain a mystery.

My next concern was as to how I should attire myself for the queen's ball. The evening-dress of Europe was not the evening-dress of Fair Island. The latter was a modification of the costume in vogue in the time of George II. and Sir Robert Walpole; and as the islanders had a weakness for bright colors, I did not take kindly to the idea of appearing at a festive entertainment in a suit of black, a color which they reserved exclusively for mourning.

In this dilemma I consulted Field.

"A black coat, and of that peculiar shape, too, would certainly make you sadly conspicuous—I might almost say ridiculous," he said, when I showed him my swallow-tail, "and the queen might think you had mistaken her dance for a funeral. Have you nothing a little less somber—a uniform, for instance?"

"I have my uniform as captain in a volunteer rifle corps." (My poor mother made me bring it, rather against my own wish. Officers in foreign countries always wear their uniforms, she said, and I might find mine useful; so I brought it.)

"Where is it?"

"In one of the boxes which came up from the 'Diana' an hour ago."

"Wear it, by all means," advised my host, when he had seen the uniform. "Nothing could be better; and the queen, who has never seen an English uniform, will take it as a compliment. She takes great interest in everything that concerns the old country, and that red coat will match well with your—chestnut hair."

The point being settled, we went to the cock-fight, which took place in a public pit not far from Mr. Field's house. A number of mains were fought, and many birds killed. At the outset I was rather disgusted, but after awhile I became as excited as the rest. I had never seen a main fought before, and I understood for the first time why the sport had been so attractive for our ancestors, and its suppression so difficult to enforce. Nobody showed more excitement or followed the fortunes of the various fights with keener enjoyment than Queen Mab.

"A fine old English sport!" she observed to me, when the tournament came to an end. "I hope you have enjoyed it."

"It was an English sport once, but now, like bull and bear-baiting, it is obsolete and illegal—forbidden by law."

"Forbidden by law? But why? What can there be wrong in it? Not having bulls and bears, we can bait neither the one nor the other. But cock-fighting! You surprise me, Mr. Erle. What is England coming to?"

"That is what a good many people used to ask when the sport was abolished. It was considered that we had no right to make the lower animals destroy each other for our amusement—"

"Excuse me, sir, but that is surely a very driveling argument. You kill the lower animals to satisfy your appetites, yet you will not let them fight to make you diversion. Besides, the birds like it; would not you, if you were a game-cock, rather die fighting than have your neck wrung and be put in a pot?"

"Certainly. But there were other objections. It was considered that public cock-fighting, besides being cruel, did harm to those who took part in it—blunted their feelings—demoralized them, in fact."

"In that case I must be very much demoralized," said Mab, with flashing eyes and an angry gesture; "for I have taken part, as you call it, in a hundred cock-fights, and shall probably take part in hundreds more. So, according to your showing, I must be both demoralized and incorrigible."

"Not at all; anything but that," I returned, eager to repair the fault I had so stupidly committed. "You asked me why cock-fighting was abolished in England, and I was trying to explain why. I was not giving these arguments as my own. Moreover, cock-fighting in Fair Island is one thing; cock-fighting in England was quite another thing. It was made a medium for gambling, fell into bad hands, and became a public nuisance. As for you, I am sure that no one who has ever seen Queen Mab could doubt that she was other than—"

Here I hesitated.

"What, sir?"—peremptorily.

"A right noble woman."

She smiled; and I liked her none the less for being sensible to a little flattery.

"You are coming to my ball, of course?"

"Of course."

"I am afraid you will find our dances rather old-fashioned; but you shall teach us some of the new ones. I saw a mention in one of those illustrated papers of a waltz. I think I should like to waltz. Will you show me how?"

I bowed, and said I should be delighted to teach her anything in my power.

The ball was a great success. The orchestra consisted of a flute, a clarionet, a key-bugle, a Carib guitar, and a set of Pan's-pipes. The flute seemed to be new, but the clarionet and bugle looked old enough to have belonged to the bandsmen of the "Hecate" or the "Santa Anna." Yet they produced very fair music, and though the men played without notes, they had a great variety of airs, some of which struck me as being singularly wild and beautiful.

My uniform made quite a sensation, and, judging by the compliments I received, it was much admired. Before I had been many minutes in the room I booked several engagements; for as Fair Island ladies deem it not unmaidenly to ask men (on occasion) to be their partners for life, they naturally see no impropriety in asking them to take part in a dance. They were all tall, fine women; not a few were very well-favored, barring the queerness of their complexion, and two or three were as fair as Queen Mab herself. They were lively, too, and wonderfully graceful in their movements, dancing with a zest and energy unknown to the languid beauties of European ball-rooms. Being, moreover, the descendants of the "Hecate's" officers (the descendants of able-bodied and ordinary seamen and warrant-officers not being admitted into society), they were intelligent, and, considering their opportunities, well educated. Most of them had read Shakspeare, Milton, Pope, "Plutarch's Lives," "Robinson Crusoe," and "Pamela," and were acquainted with the leading facts of European history up to about 1740. From that time forward, so far as regards the outer world, their minds, like the minds of Fair Islanders generally, were a blank; and it is hardly possible for those who have not tried it to realize the difficulty of keeping up a conversation with people who know nothing of George III. and Napoleon, Nelson and Wellington, the Reform Bill and Queen Victoria, the Indian Mutiny, and the American Civil War, Bismarck and the G. O. M.; who have never seen a daily newspaper, a monthly review, or a railway; never heard of the United States, Australia, New Zealand, or the Suez Canal; lighting by gas or printing by steam, and whose knowledge of fiction is limited to "Robinson Crusoe" and "Pamela."

In these circumstances it was perhaps fortunate that I had little to do except answer questions, the ladies whose acquaintance I made being insatiably curious. But I soon found that if I wanted to be believed I must keep back a portion of the truth. When, in answer to a question about the size of London, I said that its population was nearly four millions, and that a hundred thousand strangers left and entered it every day, the significant smile which went round told me that the statement was regarded as monstrous and incredible. My account of the electric telegraph and some other modern scientific and mechanical achievements was received with even greater incredulity, especially by the men, who, though too polite openly to doubt my word, obviously thought me an unconscionable romancer.

Only the queen affected to believe me, either because she was naturally more intelligent than the others, or that she was fresh from the perusal of the books and periodicals which we had brought from the "Diana"—or for some other and less obvious reason.

The first dance was a Sir Roger de Coverly, in which I had Mab for a partner; then followed a minuet, which, at her pressing instance, I attempted—with poor success, however. There was an immense deal of bowing on the part of the men, and courtesying on the part of the women, the latter bending so low that more than once disaster seemed imminent; but they always recovered their perpendicular with remarkable agility and grace. Next came a fandango, doubtless a bequest from Denzil Fane's Spanish wife. After this the queen asked me to show her how to waltz. She proved an apt pupil—acquired the step in a few minutes; I whistled to the musicians a few bars of a waltz, which they picked up in no time, and the next moment we were whirling round the room—to the astonishment of all beholders. They had never seen anything like it before. We had a long spin—Mab being in excellent wind—and when I escorted her to her seat, I could see by the manner of some of the younger men that they envied me my good fortune, and that the favor shown me by the queen was beginning to excite jealousy and migh. make me enemies. Be that as it may, waltzing became the fashion. All wanted to learn the step at once, and I had very nearly as many invitations to dance as there were young women in the room. They voted me dancing-master by acclamation, and for the remainder of the night we did nothing in the world but waltz.

"We are infinitely obliged to you," said the queen, as I took my leave early in the morning. "You have given us a new pleasure."

"He has, indeed!" chorused twenty voices. "We are all infinitely obliged to him."

"Waltzing is simply divine!" she continued. "We will have another ball—yes, the night after to-morrow. All who are here cousider yourselves invited, and perhaps Mr. Erle will kindly teach us something else."

With this request I was, of course, only too glad to comply. I taught them the polka and schottische, and we had a try at the lancers, with all of which the queen and her guests were greatly delighted; and Field told me that if I went on as I had begun, I should soon be the most popular person in Fair Island.

I was, moreover, often consulted by the queen about the books she was reading. She found in them so many things that were strange to her, so many allusions which she did not understand, that she required almost continual instruction, and I became actually, if not officially, the director of her studies and the superintendent of her new education—for that she called it, and that in fact it was.

All this augured well for the success of my scheme. I could hardly think that after I had done so much for her she would refuse me the favor I intended to ask. Nevertheless, I hesitated and procrastinated, missing more than one seemingly good opportunity of preferring my request. Why, I can hardly say; partly, perhaps, because something told me that it was still too soon—that the propitious moment had not yet arrived; partly because the Fair Islanders improved on acquaintance, and that the more I saw of them and their country the less I liked the idea of leaving them.

As for the anonymous letter, I had come to the conclusion that it was either a poor joke or a piece of stupid spite, and though I kept the missive in my pocket, it very soon passed out of my mind.

CHAPTER XXII.—A FLASH OF LIGHTNING.

And so things went on. For two or three weeks there occurred nothing to disturb the even tenor of my life. In the company of Field and Amyas Fane and some others, and once with a party organized by the queen, I visited several estates and saw something of the interior of the island. All the piebald whites and most of the descendants of the former Carib chiefs owned plantations which they cultivated, with the help of slaves; for land was so plentiful and the soil so fertile that very few of the aborigines would labor for hire. So far as I could see, the slaves, though not ill-treated, were very hard wrought, for in the absence of horses they had to do horses' work. They were, however, comfortably lodged and well fed, and as, according to a law laid down by Denzil Fane, no bondsman could be sold without his own consent, there were presumably none of those cruel separations of families which are usually among the worst features of the system. Insubordination was, however, severely punished, rebellious slaves being hanged without ceremony, and, as Field one day confided to me, the two races were really at bitter enmity. There had been several partial risings repressed, and, as I gathered, not without difficulty.

"The Calibans are our greatest trouble," he said. "They are increasing at such a rate that they will soon be more numerous than ourselves, and if a rising should happen to coincide with an invasion of the Cariberoes, it would be a serious matter."

"The Cariberoes?"

"The people whom Denzil Fane and his men helped to repulse when they first came to the island. The Calibans are their descendants, and they are very strong and brave, and would make desperate fighters."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because they are very courageous. We have had experience of their prowess, though not very recently. It was they who taught us how to fight sharks, and they often fight fiercely among themselves. Yes, the Cariberoes would make splendid soldiers."

"Have you any present reason to fear a rising?"

"No, I don't think we have; still, there is no telling what may happen. But we are well prepared. Our young men are regularly drilled. You shall see a parade of our archer-guard one of these days."

"Archer-guard! Are your soldiers armed only with bows and arrows, then?"

"Necessarily. Our store of gunpowder, being very limited, is reserved for the artillery, which consists of half a dozen brass pieces, part of the 'Santa Anna's' armament. That is why I inquired whether you had any gunpowder on board the 'Diana.' But our archers would make no despicable foes, even when opposed to men armed with muskets."

Mr. Field spoke of the flint-lock muskets of the previous century, and when I saw the archer-guard and examined their weapons, I was quite of his opinion. None of their bows, when unstrung, was less than six feet in length; and their arrows were even longer than the cloth-yard shafts which won for England the battles of Agincourt and Crecy, and did such dire execution among the Scots at Flodden Field. The Fair Islanders, moreover, were splendid marksmen; a good shot could easily hit a bull's-eye at three hundred and fifty yards, and as easily kill a deer (or a man) at four hundred. Compared with theirs, the native bow was a very inferior weapon; and I felt sure, as I told Field, that the five hundred Archers of the Guard would be more than a match for three times their number of Calibans or Cariberoes.

After some further conversation, I ventured to suggest that the danger he apprehended might be avoided by abolishing slavery altogether. If I had proposed to abolish the island and declare the memory of Denzil Fane accursed, he could scarcely have looked more horrified.

"Abolish slavery! What on earth put so preposterous an idea into your head? Slavery is a beneficient institution. Scripture nowhere condemns it; the Jews practiced it; the Apostles approved of it; and so far as we are concerned, my dear sir, the remedy would be worse than the disease. If we liberated these people, they would of a surety conspire against our commonwealth, and endeavor to overthrow it, for they are fierce and truculent. Moreover, we should all have to become hewers of wood and drawers of water, because once they were free they would work only for themselves."

This was conclusive, and as I could not have answered Mr. Field without the risk of giving serious offense, I allowed the subject to drop.

In the meantime, the "Diana's" cargo was being unloaded and brought up to Fairhaven, but rather fitfully and slowly; for the ship contained an immense quantity of merchandise of one sort and another, and the warehouse accomodation at the queen's disposal was decidedly limited. The bales and cases had to be stowed anywhere and everywhere, and there being no draught animals in the island, the labor of shifting and carrying the packages about was very great. In these circumstances I suggested to Mab and the Council of Nine that it would be better to let the remainder of the cargo stay where it was.

"You have landed the bulk of it," I said; "what there is left can be brought up as you want it, and when you want it. The ship being securely moored, it is quite safe where it is."

"A happy thought, Mr. Erle," exclaimed Mab. "Let it be so. To-morrow we will go down to the 'Diana,' and see for ourselves what there is left; we may perchance find some more books, and you will perhaps be so obliging as to take out the remaining mirrors. Morris shall go with us."

Morris was a carpenter, and he had fixed up one mirror in the queen's bed-room so much to her satisfaction that she wanted to have all the remaining mirrors taken out of the saloon and fixed up in like manner. As for books, she was simply insatiable. She read anything that came to hand, but liked best something scientific, or a novel with plenty of incident and a complicated plot. When once she became interested in a story of this sort, she would neither sleep nor attend to business until she reached the end, and woe betide the councilor who at such a time ventured to trouble her with affairs of State. When Mr. Thomas, a rather timid old gentleman, secretary to the council, brought her some papers to sign while she was reading "Monte Cristo," and did not go away the moment he was bid, she half frightened the poor man to death by threatening to set her puma at him.

We went down to the "Diana" as arranged, by water of course. In addition to the boat's crew and the carpenter, we were accompanied by Marian Lester, one of the queen's maidens, and a youth of the name of Buttercup, who was half page, half errand-boy.

On reaching the ship, I looked over the manifest, on which I had ticked off the packages already landed, and, in consultation with Mab, decided what others we should take back with us in the boat, and told the men to hoist them out of the hold.

Then, while Morris was removing the mirrors, we took a turn round the ship, and made an inspection of the cabins, on the chance of finding anything likely to be useful and worth carrying away; for we did not intend to make another visit to the ship for some time.

In the captain's cabin were a thermometer and a barometer.

"We will have these," I said, looking at them. "This is a self-registering thermometer, and I want to ascertain the average temperature of Fairhaven; and the barometer may prove very useful. It gives warning of storms. Do you ever have storms?"

"Sometimes, and very bad ones. But they don't often take us by surprise. I have nearly always a premonition of them; so have others."

"I suppose you can tell by the look of the sky and the direction and force of the wind?"

The queen laughed.

"The look of the sky and the force of the wind!" she said. "Why, when the clouds gather and the wind rises, the storm has begun. These are signs which children may read. What I mean is, that before any sign is visible, while the heavens are still clear, the sea still calm, something tells me—I know not what; it is a feeling, a foreboding—that within a few hours the weather will change for the worse."

"That comes from increase of pressure," I said. "You are sensitive to atmospheric conditions."

"I don't know how that is. I dare say you are right," she returned, pensively. "But I have exactly the same feeling when people are thinking evil against me."

"But that is not possible. Nobody can think evil against *you*!"

"Yet such a thing has happened, my friend. Fair Island is very beautiful, and its people are happy, but they are not all good. And lately—the last few days—I have had a foreboding. For three nights past, Cato, who, as you know, sleeps always at my chamber door, has growled fiercely, as if he scented danger; and this morning I was wakened by Denzil Fane's sword falling from the wall and clashing on the floor; and, worse still, it broke off at the hilt. Nothing could be more ominous of evil—and then this foreboding, the like of which for intensity I have never experienced before—"

Here she came to an abrupt stop.

"A foreboding of what?" I asked.

I had already discovered that the islanders were somewhat superstitious, but I though Mab knew better than to believe in signs, omens, and presentiments, or attach importance to the falling of a sword or the growling of a puma.

"A foreboding of danger."

"To whom."

"To myself, to the commonwealth, and to you, Mr. Erle."

"Why to me?"

"I know not. But I am sure the danger which threatens me threatens you also. The foreboding weighs heavily on my soul, yet whence it comes or how it is caused I cannot say. When we return to Fairhaven I will consult Sybil."

"Who is Sybil?"

"The oldest and wisest woman in the island; the only one to whom it is given to interpret dreams and foretell events."

"A very useful woman to know. I should like to ask her a few questions about myself. My own future is decidedly obscure at present. Perhaps she could throw a little light on it," I said, with mock gravity.

"It is only when she is in the mood that Sybil can discern the shadow of coming events," returned Mab, coldly, and almost sternly, as if she resented the skepticism which my remark implied. "The prophetic mantle rests not always on her shoulders. But you shall see her, and then you can judge for yourself. And now let us go on with our inspection."

As we passed through one of the berths—I think it was poor Bulnois'—I saw a carpet-bag in one corner.

"What is here?" I said, opening it.

"Books!" exclaimed the queen. "Let us see what they are."

So I carried the bag into the saloon, and emptied on the table at least a score of volumes, the greater part of them novels.

"There!" I said, taking up a copy of "The Woman in White." "You have only to begin reading this, and you will forget all about your melancholy forebodings, and the supposed dangers which a too active imagination has conjured up."

"Is it very interesting?" she asked, with sparkling eyes.

"Very."

"I will begin it at once," she said, and suiting the action to the word, she sat down, and opening the volume, settled herself for a good read. "Let me know when the boat is ready."

An hour later the boat was ready, but so crowded with bales, cases, and one thing and another, that it was evident she could not take us all back at one trip.

On this I went below to the queen, whom I found deep in Wilkie Collins' thrilling romance, and after explaining the difficulty we were in, suggested that she and her personal attendants should go off in the boat, and that two of the men and myself would wait on board until another could be sent to take us off.

"No; let the people go. They can send a boat for us when they get to Fairhaven—I mean for you, myself, and Marian, and Buttercup."

"It cannot be here for two hours, and in much less time than that it will be dark."

"I am not afraid of the dark. You have lamps, I suppose?"

"Yes, we have lamps; still—"

"Let the boat go, I say!" and the next moment her head was again bent over her book.

I went on deck, gave orders for the boat to shove off, and told the coxswain to send another for us with all speed, the instant he arrived. This done, I lighted a cigar and paced to and fro, absorbed in thought, until the thickening twilight warned me that it was time to trim the saloon lamp.

Mab was still reading, nor until I lighted the lamp which swung over her head did she look up.

"Thank you," she said; and then turning round, looked intently through one of the ports toward the almost departed sun. "There is going to be a storm," she added, wistfully.

"Why should you think so?" I asked. "The sky is perfectly clear, and there is hardly a breath of wind."

"You will see. I hope it won't be more than a storm—a tempest, I mean. But there is a feeling in the air. Is the ship quite fast—safely moored, I mean?"

"Quite. I looked to that the moment I came on board."

"Good! We are safe, then. The boat will be here in an hour. That will be time enough," and then she took up her book again, and I went once more on deck.

The short twilight had now almost deepened into darkness, and I was quite alone, Marian being with her mistress, and Buttercup fast asleep in a corner of the saloon. I lighted another cigar, and was about to resume my solitary walk where I had left it off, when it occurred to me to verify the queen's weather-forecast by glancing at the barometer.

The result was startling. The mercury had fallen several points since I last looked at it—that is to say, in three hours.

"Gad, she is right!" I thought; "we are in for a storm, and no mistake—a regular ripper! I hope it won't burst before we get back to Fairhaven. The creek is certainly not the open sea, and we are safely moored. All the same, I would rather be on dry land for choice."

I looked round, for, as yet, the darkness was far from being absolute. Myriads of stars studded the sky, and the sea was phosphorescent. The creek shone like a river of molten gold, and as the tide (thereabouts very strong) ebbed rapidly past, fiery wavelets broke on the shore and dashed merrily against the "Diana's" sides. The mountain, its summit pointing toward the Southern Cross, loomed large and silent under the vaulted sky, like some monstrous genie guarding hidden treasure or a giant sentinel keeping watch over the sleeping island that nestled at its base.

Westward, as well as northward and southward, the calm was complete, and anything more superb than the orb-gemmed heavens and the shining sea it were impossible to imagine; but out of the mist and beyond the Painted Rocks were beginning to creep ominous shadows—shadows that swiftly took the form of clouds, and spreading pall-like over the sky, swallowed up the stars and turned the water to an inky blackness.

It became so dark that I had to grope my way to the binnacle, intent on lighting the lantern, as without something to denote our whereabouts the people who were coming to fetch us off would be unable to find the ship. There was a peculiar feeling in the atmosphere, too, that made me think it was strongly charged with electricity. My temples throbbed as if they would burst, when I pushed my hand through my hair I could bear it crackle.

I had reached the binnacle, and was feeling about for the lantern, when a terrific peal of thunder crashed over the mountain, and a long, vivid flash of forked lightning rent the clouds asunder, bringing every object which it illumined into sharpest relief. It did not last the hundredth part of a second, yet I saw everything—the creek, the sea, the tall masts of the "Diana," the very leaves quivering on the trees—*and the figure of a man cutting one of the ropes by which the ship was moored to the shore!*

Low-necked dresses are going to be very popular with the lovely young dudiness because if they should catch cold wearing them, haven't they got Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup to cure them?

How many murmur at high prices? Why Salvation Oil costs only 25 cents a bottle.

Robbers and Thieves.

Are always afraid of a house when there is a gun in it, so if you want to keep this class of people away from you, "Get a Gun" and protect yourself and family, beside having some pleasure in hunting. The best place to get these is at W. S. Brown's 450 and 522 Wood Street Pittsburgh, Pa., who has the largest and most complete stock in Western Penn'a, of Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Fishing Tackle and all kinds of sporting goods; Scissors, Razors Knives and Table Cutlery, also grinding of all kinds at

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A POPULAR FAMILY.

JENNIE: "How is it, Kate, that you always seem to 'catch on' to the last new thing? Do what I may, you always seem to get ahead of me."

KATE: "I don't know: I certainly do not make any exertion in that direction."

JENNIE: "Well, during the last few months, for example, you have taken up painting,

without any teacher; you came to the rescue when Miss Lafarge deserted her Delsarte class so suddenly, and certainly we are all improving in grace under your instruction: I heard you telling Tommy Eames last evening how his club made mistakes in playing baseball; you seem to be up on all the latest 'fads,' and know just what to do under all circumstances; you entertain beautifully; and in the last month you have improved so in health, owing, you tell me, to your physical culture exercises. Where do you get all of your information from in this little out-of the way place?—for you never go to the city."

KATE: "Why, Jenie, you will make me vain. I have only one source of information, but it is surprising how it meets all wants. I very seldom hear of anything new but what the next few days bring me full information on the subject. Magic? No! Magazine! And a great treasure it is to us all, for it really furnishes the reading for the whole household: father has given up his magazine that he has taken for years, as he says this one gives more and better information on the subjects of the day; and mother says that it is that that makes her such a famous housekeeper. In fact, we all agree that it is the only really FAMILY magazine published, as we have sent for samples of all of them, and find that one is all for men, another all for women, and another for children only, while this one suits every one of us: so we only need to take one instead of several, and that is where the economy comes in, for it is only $2.00 a year. Perhaps you think I am too lavish in my praise; but I will let you see ours, or, better still, send 10 cents to the publisher, W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 14th Street, New York, for a sample copy, and I shall always consider that I have done you a great favor; and may be you will be cutting us out, as you say we have the reputation of being the best informed family in town. If that be so, it is Demorest's Family Magazine that does it."

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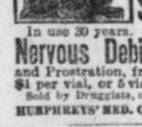

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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

For the coming year will be noteworthy for a number of special features which the Publishers believe are of very unusual interest, and among them may be mentioned:—

IRELAND ARNOLD

contributes to the December number the first of a series of four *Articles upon Japan*, its people, its ways, and its thoughts. Mr. Robert Blum, who was commissioned to go to Japan for Scribner's Magazine, has prepared a very remarkable series of drawings to illustrate Sir Edwin's papers. Articles upon the recent *Japanese Festival* will follow, illustrated by Mr Blum.

HENRY M. STANLEY

has prepared for the January number an important article upon "*The Pigmies of the Great African Forest.*" Another contribution in this field will be Mr. J. Scott Keltie's account of the recent *African Exhibition* held in London. Both papers will be amply illustrated.

THE [illegible] KEY.

a serial Novel by Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osborne will run through a large part of the year. Illustrated by Hole. A two-part story by Frank R. Stockton will also appear.

ROF. JAMES BRYCE, M. P.

author of "The American Commonwealth," will write a series of *Four Articles upon India* embodying the results of his recent journey and studies on this land of never-dying interest.

OCEAN STEAMSHIPS

will be the subject of an important series somewhat upon the lines of the successful Railroad articles. "*Passenger Travel*," "*The Life of Officers and Men*," "*Speed and Safety Devices*," and "*Management*," are some of the subjects touched upon and illustrated.

GREAT STREETS OF THE WORLD

is the title of a novel collection of articles on which the author and artist will collaborate to give the characteristics of famous thoroughfares The first, on *Broadway*, will be written by Richard Harding Davis and illustrated by Arthur B. Frost. Others will follow on *Piccadilly*, London; *Boulevard*, Paris; *The Corso*, Rome.

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Hon. JOHN D. LONG (ex-Governor of Massachusetts) furnishes six articles, under the general title of Our Government, for the enlightenment of coming citizens—the boys and girls of to-day.

KIRK MUNROE, who lately lived for a time the life of a railroad man, in all phases from parlor car to cattle cage has put his experience into a thrilling serial for boys called Cab and Caboose. Striking pictures by Edmund H. Garrett.

MARGARET SIDNEY'S new serial, Five Little Peppers Grown Up, will tell more about Polly and Jasper and David and Joel and Phronsie, and others, as it runs through the year. Fifty charming illustrations by Charles Mente.

MARIETTA'S GOOD TIMES will chronicle in her own words, from her own manuscript, the childhood adventures of Marietta Ambrosi.

MISS MATILDA ARCHAMBEAU VAN DORN, a little girl who had a great many ancestors, is an irresistible little folks' serial, by Elizabeth Cumings.

UNUSUALLY INTERESTING ARTICLES, some elaborately pictorial: Dining with Gladstone, by Mrs. John A. Logan; Amy Robart's Embroidery, by Frances A. Humphrey; Mother Goose's Pets, by Agnes Repplier; Gypsies and Gypsying, by Elizabeth Robins Pennell; Some Horses that I Have Known, by Maud Howe; Sainte marie College of Wynchestre by Oschr Fay Adams; Boston's Girl Sculptor, by Mrs. Newberry; The Sugar Crank, by Theodora R. Jeaness.

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To Our Subscribers.

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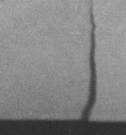

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JOHN KLINE, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa.
Office on second floor of Furst's new building north of Court House. 16-17-tf

WILLIAM I. SWOOPE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
1 ly Furst Building, Bellefonte Pa

CLEMENT DALE. ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA.
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S. D. RAY. Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa.
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D. H. HASTINGS. W. F. REEDER.
HASTINGS & REEDER, Attorneys-at-Law,
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W. H. MUSSER, General Agent
UNION CENTRAL LIFE INSURANCE CO
Office, northwest corner of Diamond, Room 2, Crider's Building, in office with Clement Dale, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa
Sept. 3-1y.

INSURANCE effected on all kinds of Properties in Companies of undoubted strength and security, at standard rates.

INSURE AGAINST LOSS AND DAMAGE BY

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(Furst's Building.) High street, Bellefonte

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Send for INVENTORS' GUIDE, or How to Obtain a Patent.

Send for digest of Pension and Bounty laws.

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FASHIONABLE BARBER AND HAIR DRESSER.
Pleasant rooms and experienced workmen under Centre county bank building High street Bellefonte, Pa.

ELECTRIC BELLS.—Door and Table bells, Annunciators, and all kinds of Electrical Supplies constantly on hand. Will be pleased to give estimates
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PURELY MUTUAL. ALL POLICIES HAVE LOAN VALUES.
Surplus—$1,837,300.53 Assets—$15,932,329.
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No better accommodations in the city than at the "Columbia." f12

WILL NOT STRIKE.

CLEARFIELD COAL MINERS HAVE THE OLD RATES RESTORED.

The threatened strike of the 20,000 men in the Houtzdale and Punxsutawney coal regions will not take place and both miners and operators are extremely well pleased at the outlook and, business men n those localities feel safer than for some time. The publication of tbe contemplated strike, together with the causes, recent and remote, that led up to it created excitement among mine owners and coal dealers in the seaboard cities. The coal mined in the two regions named is all shipped to the seaboard, and the interest there naturally exceeded the feeling of uneasiness elsewhere, except in the mining towns di ctly affected.

Before giving the order to suspend operations, the miners officials made a final demand direct to Mr. Berwind of the Berwind White Coal Mining Company, for a restoration of the old rates. That demand and the determined attitude of the men seens to have induced a change of policy on the part of the operators, and yesterday his mine foreman notified the miners that the 3 cents per ton they had been reduced was restored. As a result there is rejoicing in the Houtzdale region and in fact all over Clearfield county. Business men are jubilant because they well know from costly experience that a strike in the *H*outzdale region means a hard fought battle and a general tie up of all business for months. The men who were reduced are determined to not be again caught napping and have organized a strong local union.

A convention of the whole region will be held on the 21st of this month at Houtzdale and trouble is expected to arise immediately after that. It is pretty definitely settled already that the convention will name the time to proceed against the company stores. The miners in the Houtzdale region are now voting by secret ballot for new officers. The candidates are James White, the incumbent, and Wm. S. Powell, president of the checkweighman fund. The choice will probably fall again to Mr. White.

Try our 25ct chocolate mixed candy, reduced from 40ct a lb, consisting of vanilla chocolate creams, St Nicholas chocolate, Praline chocolates, Philada. Chocolates covered almonds and chocolate nopareil drops at Sourbecks.

The Remains of Dom Pedro.

Paris, December 8.—The body of Dom Pedro, the ex-emperor of Brazil, who died on Saturday last at his residence, the Hotel Bedford, in this city, was placed yesterday in the coffin prepared for it, and in which after the royal obsequies in this city, it will be conveyed to Lisbon and interred in the family vault there. One trait of the gentle-hearted old man who died so far from the land he ruled over so long and wisely, was his intense love for Brazil. It was the hope, the dream of his life, that events might end his days in the beloved country from which he had been exiled. Though he had often expressed this desire few knew of the intensity of the love ex-emperor entertained in his secret heart for his country. It was revealed yesterday, however, and the discovery was touching and pathetic.

While some of his old servants were overhauling the effect of Dom Pedo, preparatory to remove them, they found in a chest belonging to the dead ex-emperor a bag of earth, part of the soil of Brazil, which he had treasured as one of his most valuable possessions. It was known that it was his desire to sleep his sleep in Brazilian soil, and so the valued earth was placed in the coffin, and the dead ex-ruler was tenderly and reverently laid upon it. Thus, in a measure, was his oft-expressed wish complied with. The members of Dom Pedro's family were present when the body was transferred to the coffin, and they wept bitterly when they saw it deposited therein.

The preparations are nearly completed for the royal funeral that the government has decided to give Dom Pedro. A solemn high mass of requiem will be celebrated at church of the Madeleine, troops will line the route through which the funeral cortege will pass, and every honor due a dead sovereign will be paid to the one who, dying a private citizen, had held in his hands for many years the destinies of the great South American empire.

A full line of all kinds of new nuts and fruits at Sourbecks.

A VALUABLE DISCOVERY Mr. A. B. Davis, of Davis Bros., of Arcola, Miss., is a great believer in the virtue of S. S. S. He writes, that he was afflicted with one of the worst cases of blood poison known to the human race, and after going through quite a long treatment, finally resorted to S. S. S., and he is proud to say that he has been entirely cured, and the disease thoroughly eradicated from his system. He sends thanks to the company for their valuable discovery, and says that it is a God-send thanks to the world. For contagious blood poison S. S. S. is truly a specific. Very few cases have ever resisted its curative properties, and no one suffering from this disease or other blood poison should neglect to give it a fair trial. We will mail a special treatment on contagious blood poison to all who apply for it free.
THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga

Fine baskets of fruit put up to order, at all prices, at Sourbecks.

Mashed strawberry ribbons sell at one dollar a yard but you can get a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for only twenty-five cents.

"We'll be gay and happy," for Salvation Oil is only 25 cents a bottle. It kills all pain.

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ILLUSTRATED.

The Magazine will celebrate the fourth Centenary of the Discovery of America by its Re-discovery, through articles giving a more thorough exposition than has hitherto been made of the Recent Unprecedented Development of our Country, and especially in the Great West. Particular attention will also be given to Dramatic Episodes of American History.

The Field of the next European War will be described in a Series of Papers on the Danube "From the Black Forest to the Black Sea," by Poultney Bigelow and F. D. Millet, illustrated by Mr. Millet and Alfred Passons. Articles also will be given on the German, Austrian and Italian, illustrated by L. De Thulstrup.

Mr. W. D. Howells will contribute a new novel, "A World of Chance," characteristically American. Especial prominence will be given to Short Stories, which will be contributed by T. B. Alderich, R. H. Davis, A. Conan Doyle, Margarete Deland, Miss Woolsen, and other popular writers.

Among the literary features will be Personal Reminiscences of Nathaniel Hawthorne, by his college class-mate and lifelong friend, Horatio Bridge, and a Personal Memoir of the Brownings, by Anne Thackeray Ritchie.

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Address: HARPER & BROTHERS.
New York.

All candies sold at manufacturers prices to church festivals at Sourbecks.

Interesting State School Statistics.

Harrisburg, Pa., Dec. 7.—Statistics filed at the Department of Public instruction show that outside of Philadelphia, Delaware county has the longest school term, is 1.66 more than the average length. Fulton has the shortest term, Lebanon and Venango lead in the highest average per cent, of attendance, each being rated at 90. Monroe and Pike are lowest, each being placed at 75. The average cost per month for each pupil is higher in Forest and lower in Perry than any other county.

Hand made clear toys 15 cents at Sourbecks.

TWO CHILDREN BURNED.

This morning the house of a Mr. Ammerman, at Port Matilda, caught fire and before the flames could be extinguished the house with all the contents were burned to the ground and two children burned to death. No further particulars were obtainable.

500 lbs of the best assortment of mixed candy ever brought to Belle onte. 10 cts a lb at Sourbecks.

Letter List.

The following letters remain uncalled for in the Postoffice Dec. 7, 1891.

S. J. Barnitz, John Billet, Prof. Ira Conner—2, Geo. T. Peterson, Maggie Rhoads, Mrs. Annie Shaffer, John Smith, Mary Whitehill.

When called for please say advertised
J. A. Fiedler P. M.

The Pittsburgh Commercial Gazette publishes all the news, and what you see in it you can believe. It publishes facts not fakes. If you want to keep correctly informed about affairs of the world in general and those of Western Pennsylvania, Eastern Ohio and Northern West Virginia in particular, read the Pittsburgh Commercial Gazette.

THOUSANDS OF FAMILIES bless the day when they learned the use of HUMPHREY'S SPECIFICS NOS. ONE SEVEN. Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and Sore Throats are always cured by them.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

ILLUSTRATED.

Harper's Weekly for the coming year will contain more attractive features, more and finer illustrations, and a greater number of articles of live, intense interest than will be found in any other periodical. Among these latter will be a series of articles on the twenty-five greatest cities of the world, including five hundred illustrations. The Columbian Exposition, the Army and Navy, great public events, disasters on land and sea, and the doings of the celebrated people of the day will be described and illustrated in an attractive and timely manner. The Department of Amateur Sport will continue under the direction of Caspar W. Whitney. The best of modern writers will contribute short stories, and the most distinguished artists will make the illustrations. The editorial articles of Mr. George William Curtis will remain as an especial attraction.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.
Per Year:

HARPER'S WEEKLY . .	$4 00
HARPER'S MAGAZINE . .	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR . .	4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE .	2 00

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States, Canada and Mexico.

The volumes of the Weekly begin with the first Number for January of each year. When no time is mentioned, subscriptions will begin with the Number current at the time of receipt of order.

Bound volumes of Harper's Weekly for three years back, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail, postage paid, or by express, free of expense (provided the freight does not exceed one dollar per volume), for $7.00 per volume.

Cloth Cases for each volume, suitable for binding, will be sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of $1 00 each.

Remittances should be made by Post-office Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss.

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Address: HARPER & BROTHERS,
New York.

Turn to the right medicine, if you're a weak or ailing woman. It's Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. If you're overworked or "run-down," it builds you up; if you're afflicted with any of the distressing derangements and disorders peculiar to your sex, it relieves and cures. It improves digestion, invigorates the system, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, melancholy and nervousness, produces refreshing sleep, and restores flesh and strength. In the cure of all functional disturbances, weaknesses, and irregularities, it's *guaranteed* to give satisfaction, or the money is refunded. It does all that's claimed for it, or it couldn't be sold in this way.

It is a legitimate *medicine*—not a beverage. Contains no alcohol to inebriate; no syrup or sugar to sour or ferment in the stomach and cause distress. As *peculiar* in its marvelous, remedial results as in its composition.

FOR SALE.

A first class restaurant in Bellefonte, having a good trade and still increasing Will sell for all cash, or part cash and balance to be paid monthly. Possession given after January 15th, 1892. For particulars call at or address this office. d 10—3w

We will pay $900 SALARY and Commission to Men and Women Teachers and Clergymen to sell our NEW POPULAR STANDARD WORK
Marvels of the New West
No finer book published. Over 350 choice engravings. 10,500 copies sold in one week. Endorsed by the greatest men of the country. This is no humbug offer.
Write at Once FOR PARTICULARS IN REGARD TO SALARY
THE HENRY BILL PUBLISHING CO.,
n10 4w Norwich, Conn.

DOUBLE SINGLE Shot Guns Revolvers, Rifles, Etc.
Send stamp for Price List. Address Great Western Gun Works, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Seines, Tents, Nets and Double Barrel Breech Loading Shot Guns choke bored $8 to $50. Single Breech Loading Shot Guns, $4 to $25; Breech Loading and Repeating Rifles, $3 to $40; Muzzle-Loading Double shot Guns, $5 to $35; Single Shot Guns, $2.50 to $20; Revolvers $1 to $20; Double Action Self Cockers, $2.50 to $10; All kinds of Cartridges, Shell, Caps, Wads, Tools, Powder, Flasks, Shot Pouches, Primers, send stamp for Illustrated Catalogue. Address Great Western Gun Works, 706 Smithfield St Pittsburgh, Pa. August 21st

AGENTS WANTED.

The Independent Order of Odd Fellow's Mutual Life Insurance Society, of Pennsylvania, (chartered by the Legislature in 1873) is desirous of securing responsible energetic agents, male and female, to represent the society in every city, town and district in the state. And to the right person, liberal terms and permanent employment will be given. No previous experience required.

The society insures the lives of male and female from 15 to 65, and in sums of $100 to $5,000 five thousand being the maxuim amount written on any one person.

For further information address
ELIAS P. ROHRA H,
General Manager, Lewisburgh, Pa.
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THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN
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1891
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ILLUSTRATED.

Harper's Bazar is a Journal for the home. It gives the latest information with regard to the Fashions, and its numerous illustrations, Paris designs, and pattern-sheet supplements are indispensable alike to the home dressmaker and the professional modiste. No expense is spared to make its artistic attractiveness of the highest order. Its bright stories amusing comedies, and thoughtful essays satisfy all tastes, and its last page is famous of a budget of wit and humor. In its weekl issues everything is included which is of interest to women. The Serials for 1892 will be written by Walter Besant and William Black. Mrs. Oliphant will become a contributor. Marion Harland's Timely Talks, "Day In and Day Out," are intended for matrons, and Helen Marshall North will specially address girls. T. W. Higginson, in "Women and Men," will please a cultivated audience.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.
PER YEAR.

HARPERS BAZAR	$4 00
HARPER'S MAGAZINE	4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY	4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	2 00

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The Volumes of the Bazar begin with the first Number for January of each year. When no time is mentioned, subscriptions will begin with the Number current at the time of receipt of order.

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A. C. MOORE AGENT.
—POST OFFICES:—
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PLUMBING, GAS AND STEAM FITTING.
R. J. SCHADD & BRO.
Shop at Steam Works, corner of Lamb and Spring streets, Bellef Pa.
We are prepared at all times to furnish all kinds of supplies—hydrants, sinks, bath tubs, water closets, pipe—both lead and cast and wrought iron, either plain or galvanized—brass and other fittings, and everything in the plumbing line.
WORK DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.
LOWEST PRICES AND ALL WORK GUARANTEED.
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J. B. Hobensack's
MEDICAL OFFICES
206 N. SECOND ST., PHILADELPHIA
Are the oldest in America for the treatment of
Special Disease and Youthful Errors
Blood Poison, Nervous Debility, Ulcers, Runnings, Discharges, Stricture, Bladder, Kidney and Skin Diseases, Varicocele, Hydrocele, Rupture, Permanently Cured by improved methods without detention from business. The doctor's success is due to his lifelong experience and study; to the pure vegetable remedies used and to the thorough examination and watchful attention given patients during treatment. A forty establishment is our guarantee of success.
Office hours, 9 a. m. to 2 p. m., 6 to 9 p. m. All day Saturday. Sundays, 10 to 12 a. m.
Send stamp for book. dec2 1y

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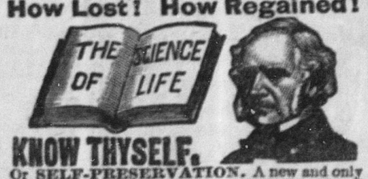
KEEPS YOUR CHICKENS Strong and Healthy; Prevents all Disease.
Good for Moulting Hens.
It is absolutely pure. Highly concentrated. In quantity costs tenth of a cent a day. No other one-fourth as strong. Strictly a medicine. "One large can saved me $40; send six to prevent Roup," says one customer.
If you can't get it send to us.
We mail one pack 25c. Five $1. A 2 1-4 lb. can $1.25. Six cans, $5.00, express paid. *Poultry Raising Guide*, price 25 cents, free with $1.00 orders or more. Sample copy of The Best Poultry Paper sent free.
L. S. JOHNSON & CO., 23 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

MANHOOD!
How Lost! How Regained!


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Consultation in person or by mail. Expert treatment. INVIOLABLE SECRECY and CERTAIN CURE. Address Dr. W. H. Parker, or The Peabody Medical Institute, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass.
The Peabody Medical Institute has many imitators, but no equal.—*Herald.*
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CURES ECZEMA, TETTER, ITCH, BLOTCHES, PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS, RINGWORM, ROUGH, RED, OILY SKIN, DANDRUFF, SCALDHEAD, SORES, ITCHING HUMORS, BABY BLEMISHES, AND ALL DISEASES OF THE SKIN, SCALP AND BLOOD, WHETHER HEREDITARY OR ACQUIRED. SOLD EVERYWHERE. 50 CTS. OR SENT BY MAIL. R. P. HISCOX, 46 JOHN ST., N. Y.
"How to Cure Skin Diseases," a 64-page book, mailed free.

MAGEE'S EMULSION
No other proprietary medicine has the endorsement of Physicians to the same extent.
None is used in Hospital practice with so large a percentage of satisfactory results.
No other remedy has cured so many cases of
CONSUMPTION
and other Pulmonary Diseases.
SCROFULA
is entirely eradicated from the system by its use.
It is as easy to take as Maple Syrup or Honey, and can be retained by the most delicate stomachs without nausea.
IF YOU have a Cold, Cough, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, or a generally run-down system, you can regain health and strength quickly by the use of
MAGEE'S EMULSION
Ask your Druggist for it, and take only that labeled
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AN EXCEPTIONAL YEAR.

The year 1891 has been marked by a greater advance than any similar period since the Magazine was established. Not only has the literary and artistic excellence been maintained and increased, but a corresponding gain has been made in the sale and influence of the Magazine. At the end of 1891 the circulation has risen to more than 150,000. It may justly be promised that the further improvements for the coming year will be proportionate to these largely increased opportunities.

FOR NEXT YEAR.

It is not possible to give, in a brief space, an account of all the features in preparation, but the material is deficient in neither importance nor range of subject. Among the subjects treated:

THE POOR IN THE WORLD'S GREAT CITIES.

It is proposed to publish a series of articles, upon a scale not before attempted, giving the results of special study and among the poor of the great cities. The plan will include an account of the conditions of life in those cities (in many lands) where the results of research will be helpful for puposes of comparison as well as for their own intrinsic interest. While, from a scientific point of view, the articles will be a contribution of great importance, the treatment will be thoroughly popular, and the elaborate illustrations will serve to make the presentation of the subject vivid as well as picturesque.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

Unpublished Reminiscences and Letters of this foremost among early American painters. A number of illustrations will lend additional interest to the articles.

IMPORTANT MOMENTS.

The aim of this series of very short articles is to describe the signal occasions when some decisive event took place, or when some great experiment was first shown to be successful—such moments as that of the first use of the Atlantic cable, the first use of the telegraph and telephone, the first successful experiment with ether, the night of the Chicago fire, the scene at the moment of the vote on the Impeachment of Andrew Johnson, etc., etc.

OUT OF DOOR PAPERS.

In the early spring will be begun a number of seasonable articles, among them being: Small Country Places, how to lay out and beautify them, by Samuel Parsons, Jr. Fishing Lore from an Angler's Note Book, by Dr. Leroy M. Yale. Mountain Station Life in New Zealand, by Sidney Dickenson, with illustrations by Birge Harrison. The illustrations are made from original material.

A full prospectus appears in the Holiday Number, now ready.

PRICE, 25 CENTS. $3.00 A YEAR.
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Pub.
743 and 745 Broadway, New York.

PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC
Recommended as the Best. IX
Le Mars, Plymouth Co., Ia., May, 1889.
I suffered from temporary sleeplessness from overwork for two years, for which I used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, and can recommend same as the best medicine for similar troubles.
P. BORNHORST.
Extract From a Letter
of the Rev. J. McGowan, Cedyville, New York: "I recommend you to send for six bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, and let her use it as directed. It cured several in my parish."
East Glenville, N. Y., Oct. 16, 1890.
I used one bottle of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic for dizziness and nervous headache, and it did all you claim for it and ever more. I had been suffering for years. MRS. P. HANCE.
FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.
This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now prepared under his direction by the
KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.
Sold by Druggists at $1 per Bottle. 6 for $5. Large Size, $1.75. 6 Bottles for $9.

TO WEAK MEN
Suffering from the effects of youthful errors, early decay, wasting weakness, lost manhood, etc., I will send a valuable treatise (sealed) containing full particulars for home cure, FREE of charge. A splendid Medical work; should be read by every man who is nervous and debilitated. Address,
Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

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REPEATING RIFLES FOR SALE EVERYWHERE
MADE BY THE MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO.
NEW HAVEN, CONN., U.S.A.

BEST OF REPUBLICAN NEWSPAPERS.

THE TRIBUNE FOR 1892.

Roswell G. Horr on the Tariff.

The Republican party, triumphant in 1891, wherever national issues were at stake, renews, aggressively and bravely, the fight for 1892. The New York Tribune, the ablest, most reliable, and best of Republican papers, leads the way.

During 1892, Roswell G. Horr, of Michigan, the witty orator, will continue in The Tribune his remarkable articles on the Tariff, Reciprocity, Coinage, and the Currency. These topics are all understandable; the Republican policy with regard to all of them is right, patriotic and impregnable; but dust has been thrown in the people's eyes, and the air has been filled with fog, by lying and tricky Tariff-Reformers. The Tribune prints from one to five exceedingly entertaining articles every week explaining these questions.

Mr Horr begins at the beginning of every subject, and makes it so clear that everyone can understand and no one can answer him. As any neighbor what he thinks of Mr. Horr's writings. He will tell you that they are genial, clear, entertaining and perfectly unanswerable. A specialty is made of answering all questions, asked in good faith on the Tariff, Reciprocity, Coinage, the Currency, and the projects of the Farmers' Alliance. The Tribune is the best national Republican paper to supplement your local paper during 1892.

HOW TO SUCCEED IN LIFE.

The Tribune will also continue the series of articles to young Men and Women, penned by men who, beginning life themselves with few advantages, have nevertheless succeeded honorably and brilliantly. It will also reply to questions as to what young men and women should do to succeed in life, under the particular circumstances in which their lot in life is cast. The replies will be written under the direction of Roswell G. Horr, whose familiarity with American life and opportunities and whose deep and cordial sympathy with all who are struggling under adverse circumstances, promise to make the replies practical and satisfactory.

VITAL TOPICS OF THE DAY.

Many special contributions will be printed from men and women of distinguished reputation. Among the topics are: "Silver Coinage, the latest views;" "Proper Function of the Minority in Legislation," to include one paper each from a Democrat and a Republican prominent in public life; "Harmful Tendencies of Trusts;" "Arid Lands of the United States;" "Millionaires of the United States;" "Free Postal Delivery in Rural Communities;" "Better Pay for Fourth Class Postmasters;" "Importance of the Nicaragua Canal;" "Village Improvement;" "Our German Fellow Citizen in America," and many others.

AGRICULTURE.

In addition to the regular two pages a week of how to run a farm and make it pay, there will be, during 1892 special papers on "Hot House Lambs," "Model Farms," "Tobacco Raising," "Sugar Beets," "Fancy High Priced Butter Making," "Care of Bees," "Market Gardening," "Live Stock," and a variety of other equally important branches of American farming.

FOR OLD SOLDIERS.

For veterans of the war, there will be a page a week of war stories, answer to questions, news and gossip. Mrs. Annie Wittenmyer will supply an interesting column of news of the W. R. C. The Tribune's War Stories of the past year have never been surpassed for thrilling interest.

FOR FAMILIES.

Families will value the pages devoted to "Questions and Answers," "Household Decoration," "Home Interests," "Cooking," "Knitting and Crochet," "Young Folks," and the Fashions.

A great editorial page will be printed, and fiction, foreign letters, book reviews, travels, checkers and chess and fun abundantly supplied.

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THE TRIBUNE.
New York.

WHAT IS

SCROFULA

It is that impurity in the blood, which, accumulating in the glands of the neck, produces unsightly lumps or swellings; which causes painful running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which developes ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or the many other manifestations usually ascribed to "humors;" which, fastening upon the lungs, causes consumption and death. Being the most ancient, it is the most general of all diseases or affections, for very few persons are entirely free from it.

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By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by the remarkable cures it has accomplished, often when other medicines have failed, has proven itself to be a potent and peculiar medicine for this disease. Some of these cures are really wonderful. If you suffer from scrofula, be sure to try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"My daughter Mary was afflicted with scrofulous sore neck from the time she was 22 months old till she became six years of age. Lumps formed in her neck, and one of them after growing to the size of a pigeon's egg, became a running sore for over three years. We gave her Hood's Sarsaparilla, when the lump and all indications of scrofula entirely disappeared, and now she seems to be a healthy child." J. S. CARLILE, Nauright, N. J.

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containing a compilation of vocal and instrumental music, adapted to piano or organ. The work contains best and most popular selections of the renowned composers of this and foreign countries. 32 full-page lithograph portraits of famous vocalists, instrumentalists and composers. A large number of interesting biographies. About 240 pages. Size 10 x 13 inches. Durably bound in cloth, stamped with appropriate design. This work is especially intended for musicians who desire a variety of choice pieces. Contains plenty for the beginner. One of the best known orchestra leaders in this country, writes "Hearts' Delight is the best book of its kind I ever saw." Complete book, $2.00, postpaid. AGENTS WANTED. Big profit. Goods on 30 days' credit. Secure territory at once. For special terms, etc., address,

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YESTERDAY IN CONGRESS.

THE READING OF THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE IN BOTH HOUSES.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 9.—In the senate today, immediately after the reading of the journal, Mr. Sherman, from the joint committee to wait on the president and inform him that congress was ready to receive any communication he might choose to make, reported that the committee had performed that duty and had been informed that the president would send a communication in writing.

Ten minutes afterward the annual message of the president was presented by Mr. Pruden, one of his secretaries, was laid before the senate, and was read by Mr. McCook, the secretary.

At the conclusion of the reading of the president's message, the senate, at 1.45 p. m., adjourned.

IN THE HOUSE.

In the house, after the approval of the journal of yesterday's proceedings, the committee appointed to wait upon the president, through its chairman, Mr. Blount, informed the speaker that it had performed the duty imposed on it, and that the president would send a communication in writing.

A recess was taken for fifteen minutes. After the recess was taken Doorkeeper Turner performed his first public duty in his new field of labor by announcing the presence of Mr. Pruden, one of the president's secretaries. Mr. Pruden delivered the annual message of the president, which was immediately read by the clerk.

Marriage Licenses.

George Swartz and Annie Mowrey, both of Hublersburg.

Chas. W. Lutze and Ida E. Shuff, both of Altoona.

D. H. Krebs, of Pine Grove Mills, and Maria C. Corl, of State College.

John W. Baisor, of Benore, and Anna B. Mattern, of Buffalo Run.

Samuel S. Frank and Gertrude S. Kreamer, both of Rebersburg.

Harry Blowers and Annie Ewing, both of Taylor township.

John M. Fisher and Eva L. Kaup, both of Boalsburg.

Geo. C. Sanford and Mary Lewis, both of Philipsburg.

Benjamin Kelley and Catharine Reese, both of worth township.

Samuel J. Shunk, of Poe Mills, and Annie Snyder, of Centre Hall.

Robert J. Odenkirk, of Old Fort, and Catharine N Sankey, of Centre Hall.

Willian Weber and Blanch E. Hensyl, both of Howard.

S. M. Sankey, of Philipsburg, and Ida M. Gardner, of State College.

Scott McMuttrie and Emiline Gramley, both of Spring Mills.

An Enjoyable Night.

One of the brightest performances ever witnessed says Guy Pemberton in the *Evening Sun*, is that delightful, whimsical, natural play, "She Couldn't Marry Three." It is homelike, the story most probable and interesting, causing tears of sympathy or hearty laughter. Unconsciously you are interested in Miss Kennedy's portrayal of "Bess." You laugh and cry with her as she flits like a beam of light through each act of the play. She laughs, cries, sings, dances, she's a hoyden, a trusting little fisher maiden, and no matter what she does she carries you along with her an unresisting worshiper at her shrine.

What a study, massive, picturesque figure Mr. Sullivan is in the character of "David," the rough fisherman and heroic lover; his quite intensity suggest the strength of the ocean. And I laugh with reminiscent pleasure as I recall that delightful, verdant, uproarous, foolish "Bob Backus" as played by Mr. Kennedy. I surrendered at once; I'm laughing yet, and I advise those who deplore the fact that we have so few good plays, go see "She Couldn't Marry Three," and be happy.

THE GRANGERS IN SESSION.

HARRISBURG, Dec. 9.—State Lecturer Allman's report read before the State Grange, Patrons of Husbandry, to-day was full of interest and contained a number of valuable suggestions. The committee on women's work reported great encouragement and decided progression, and that the outlook for the coming year is very bright. Other reports were from Worthy Overseer McHenry, Assistant Steward Field, Mrs. A. H. Olmsted on "Pomona," and Miss Anna Biberg on "Flora." This afternoon Colonel Price, of Scranton, made a lengthy address on taxation, and there was routine work. The Flora degree was conferred to-night.

A MISTAKE SOMEWHERE.

The following abridgement of the laws relating to the killing of deer; etc., is taken from Smull's Legislative Hand-Book for 1891:

"No person shall kill or pursue any elk or wild deer, save only between the 1st of October and the 15th of December of any year, under penalty of $50, nor have in his or her possession, or offer for sale, any elk, wild deer, antelope, or fresh venison, excepting from October 1 to November 30 inclusive.

There is evidently a mistake somewhere, and it is altogether probable that November 30 should be December 30.

—Prof. Ellsworth, the professional horse trainer who raised a class in Bellefonte, remained just long enough to get all the fees, since which time he has been among the absent ones.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

DR. J. F. KINCHELOE, Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

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"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

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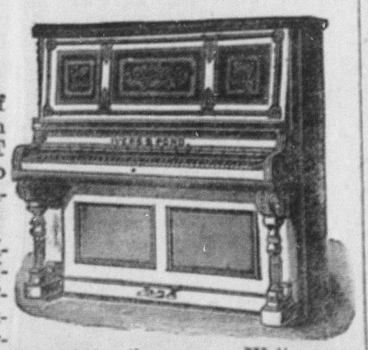

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which has revolutionized the treatment of these diseases. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears, the first dose greatly benefits. It is recommended only for Rheumatism and Neuralgia, but for these it is a quick and radical cure, as multitudes who have used it testify. It contains no anodynes and is perfectly harmless. Ask your druggist to procure it if he does not have it on hand.

Guarantee. If first bottle does not benefit you, druggist will refund money.

Write for treatise and testimonials.

PRICE, 75 CENTS.

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DO YOU COUGH DON'T DELAY TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM THE BEST COUGH CURE

25 Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles, 50 cents and $1.00.

SPECTACLES AND EYEGLASSES made by ROBERT BRUCE WALLACE, (successor to the "Fox Optical Co.,) at 624 Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa., are conceded the best and most comfortable. Save money by having him fit your eyes. 330-1y.

MONEY can be earned at our NEW line of work rapidly and honorably, by those of either sex, young or old, and in their own localities, wherever they live. Any one can do the work. Easy to learn. We furnish everything. We start you. No risk. You can devote your spare moments, or all your time to the work. This is an entirely new trade, and brings wonderful success to every worker. Beginners are earning from $25 to $50 per week and upwards, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you the employment and teach you FREE. No space to explain here. Full information FREE. TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

THE PERILS OF MINING.

NO MINERS TAKEN OUT ALIVE FROM THE ST' ETIENNE COLLIERY.

Paris, December 7.—Sad scenes are being enacted at the mouth of the Puits de la Manufacture, the mine belonging to the St. Etienne Colliery company where the explosion occurred yesterday. Wives, mothers and sweethearts stand around the pit mouth, weeping bitterly and mourning their dead. Here they have stood through the long dreary, heedless of the many entreaties made to them to return to their homes.

The hope that some of the miners who have been imprisoned by the falling walls of the chambers might be still has been abandoned. The air in the mine is stil foul and stifling and the men who have been down in it say it would have been impossible for any one to live in it for any length of time.

Since midnight fifteen bodies have been taken from the pit. There are yet twelve bodies in the lower gallery. The rescuers are making their way as rapidly as ossible toward them and it is expected that they will shortly reach and remove them. It is believed that seventy-two miners lost their lives. It is now reported that the explosion was due to the mine manager, ordering that the operation of the ventilating apparatus be stopped and that he did so without authority from the engineers.

ST. PETERSBURG, December 8.—A most terrible catastrophe has occurred in a colliery located at Nifka, in Russian Poland. No details of the affair have as yet been received here, but it is conjectured that the accident was the result of an explosion of fire damp. Further intelligence is anxiously awaiting, and hopes are expressed the loss of life, which the first dispatch places at 180, is over estimated. In addition to the 180 men who are said to have lost their lives, forty horses were killed.

EXPEL THE INTRUDER.—That disease is propagated by the innumerable microbes, germs, etc., which fill the air we breathe and the water we drink, there can be no question. These microbes attack the human body and breed poison in many shapes. Recent experiments read befor the congress of surgeons at Berlin leaves no doubt that the way to clear the system of these germs is to force them out through the pores of the skin. S.S.S. does this in the most efficient way. It cleans them out entirely, and the poison as well.

Mr. F. Z. Nelson, a prominent an wealthy citizen of Fremont, Nebraska, suffered for years with Scrofula, and it continued to grow worse in spite of all treatment. Finally, four bottles of Swift's Specific, cured him. He writes: "Words are inadequate to express my gratitude and favorable opinion of Swift's Specific."

Treaties on Blood an Skin Diseases mailed free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

WAIT FOR THE BIG SHOW.

A manager who expends thousands of dollars in order that nothing will be neglected that might add to the enjoyment of his patrons certainly deserves success, and, as a rule, he generally gets it, if the public would endeavor to discriminate between responsible companies and those who possess no stability.

There are plenty of good shows, but, unfortunately, there are hundreds which are utterly devoid of merit. Now, any one can tell at a glance if they see a magnificent new store with massive plate glass windows, that it necessarily calls for a great outlay of money to erect it, and the stock in such a store is generally of the finest. The same line of reasoning to theatrical enterprises; for instance: when you see a show billed in the lavish and expensive manner that characterizes "She Couldn't Marry Three" company you can rest assured that there is money and push back of it. The beautiful, artistic pictorial lithographic work, is the finest and the costliest on the road. No lithographing firm would attempt that kind of work without having ten thousand dollars down to insure them from loss. This is only one of the many items of a great show, and the same good taste which provides this beautiful printing will neglect no other department of the show. So there is not a doubt that the production of "She Couldn't Marry Three" is the biggest show of the season.

By innumerable cures, Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, has won for itself a most enviable reputation.

I've been suffering for the past three weeks with a strained wrist. I tried Salvation Oil, and find myself, after having used one bottle, entirely cured. CHAS. REYSER, 199 Mulberry St., Baltimore, Md.

—Not withstanding the great yield of apples this past summer the fruit seems scarce in market, and what there is, of an inferior quality.

—The "She Couldn't Marry Three" company carries a good sized boiler with sixty pounds of steam on the stage which is used to operate their mechanical effects.

—The effort to revive the Bellefonte band did not amount to much. The old members and a few new ones met and tooted several times and then went back in their nest again.

A HOME WEDDING.

At the home of the bride at Fairbrook, Centre county, at noon on Thursday, December 3, William VanTries, of Loveville and Miss Ada Musser, of Fairbrook, were united in marriage by Rev. A. J. Bean. It was a quiet wedding only immediate friends being present, but it was a pleasant affair in every respect. Mr. and Mrs. VanTries left on the train west the same day for a wedding tour.

Common Soap

Rots Clothes and Chaps Hands.

IVORY SOAP

DOES NOT.

A FINE PIECE OF CHEWING TOBACCO IS INDEED A LUXURY FINZER'S Old Honesty COMES AS NEAR BEING A FINE PIECE OF PLUG TOBACCO

AS IT IS POSSIBLE TO MAKE IT AND IS KNOWN AS A Standard Brand

AMONG DEALERS THESE GOODS ARE ON THE MARKET IN ONLY ONE SHAPE, 3x12 FULL 16 OZ. PLUG—THE MOST CONVENIENT TO CUT IN POCKET PIECES OR CARRY WHOLE.

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MAGEE'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL IN COMBINATION WITH Extract of Malt, and Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, (Lime and Soda,) A RELIABLE REMEDY FOR PULMONARY DISEASES, COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, DYSPEPSIA, SCROFULA AND GENERAL DEBILITY. Very easy to take. Does not produce Nausea, and is easily assimilated. Thousands of Physicians are prescribing it in their regular practice and many assert that it is THE BEST EMULSION IN THE MARKET. Ask your Druggist for it and TAKE NO OTHER. MAGEE EMULSION CO., Manf'rs, LAWRENCE, MASS. TORONTO, CANADA.

PILES "ANAKESIS" gives instant relief and is an infallible Cure for Piles. Price $1. By Druggists or mail. Sample free. Address "ANAKESIS," Box 2418, New York City.

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DR. SELLERS' COUGH SYRUP. NEVER FAILS SOLD BY DRUGGIST

RUPTURE

DR. J. A. SHERMAN begs to inform those whom it may concern that all patients will be furnished with his CELEBRATED RUPTURE TREATMENT during the months of May, June and July this year at special rates, at his principal office, 294 Broadway, New York. Safety and comfort is assured without restriction from exercise while under treatment for cure. Treatment can be had by corresponding. Send stamp for pamphlet.

MOTHER AT NIGHT.

Far back, through years of joy and sorrow,
To childhood days,
On things I thought had been forgotten,
To-night I gaze;
But, 'mongst them all, I dwell on one with fond delight—
How mother tucked the bedclothes in,
And kissed her child good-night.

When childish limbs were sore and weary
With romp or play,
When eyes were tired and lids were heavy
At close of day,
I climbed the stairs; but some one followed with the light,
And some one tucked the bedclothes in,
And kissed her child good-night.

When childish heart was full of sorrow,
In grief's grim reign,
Or childish frame o'ercome with sickness,
And racked with pain,
One voice would soothe, one hand caress, till day took flight;
Then mother'd tuck the bedclothes in,
And kiss her child good-night.

But always, when I'd reached the attic,
And night-clothes don'd,
Before I crept 'mid cozy bedding,
With parting fond,
I knelt and prayed a prayer *she'd* taught me to recite;
Then mother'd tuck the bedclothes in,
And kiss her child good-night.
—Gilbert Austin, in Golden Days.

PURSUED BY A PHANTOM.

Story Told by the Inmate of a Prison Cell.

If what I am about to tell you makes you smile with incredulity, it is no more than I expect. I am used to resting under the imputation of being either a romanticist or a madman.

July 7, 1873. The date is indelibly branded into my brain. It was a chill, windy evening—a remarkable night for midsummer. Before leaving the house I had donned my overcoat, and it was buttoned up to my chin. The street I was traversing was ordinarily a much frequented one, but the chilliness of the night and the blustering wind had driven pedestrians within doors, and the sidewalks were almost deserted.

I was walking rapidly, thinking intently of the next day's business engagements, but still with every faculty thoroughly awake, when my right hand, involuntarily gesticulating, came in contact with some object beside me.

I looked up quickly, thinking I had accidentally struck some passing stranger.

There was no one near—not a single living soul was within a hundred yards of where I stood.

I stopped, startled. The thing was incomprehensible. Had I unconsciously struck my hand against the fence? No; impossible. I was standing close to the curb, and the fence was nearly a dozen feet away. Had the wind caught the skirt of my coat and blown it forcibly against my hand? Even that was untenable. Every button was fastened, and the coat fitted so snugly as to preclude the possibility of it being blown aside. It was evidently, I concluded, a case of exaggerated imagination, startling and uncommonly acute and realistic, but imagination, for all that.

I resumed my walk. A moment later I was conscious of a strange presence beside me; of other footsteps beside my own; of something that lived and breathed at my side, but which was totally invisible.

I stopped, and it paused. I could feel its breath in my face—cold, grave-like, terrifying. I strained my eyes. I looked here, there, everywhere—rubbed my eyes wildly and looked again—but no! there was nothing there—no human being near me—I was alone—alone except for that invisible Thing that seemed breathing its unseen life beside me.

With a frightened cry I turned and started back. I had taken only a single step when I violently collided with the invisible Thing; my hands, instinctively endeavoring to thrust It away, felt what seemed to be the flesh of a human being—not warm and lifelike, and yet sentient with life and feeling.

With a frantic effort I pushed the form aside and fled toward home—my heart beating with uncontrollable terror—while close behind me, its breath on my neck, its footsteps ringing a sharp accompaniment to mine, came that awful Something that no human eye could see, but which my touch and hearing told me was always there.

I reached the steps, inserted the key in the lock and turned it. With a strength that seemed herculean. I thrust my invisible pursuer aside, and, springing inside the vestibule, slammed the door behind me. Then I sank helpless on the floor. I do not know how long I remained there. It may have been minutes or hours. My watch had stopped. My first thought was of my invisible pursuer. Had I shut It out, or was It still with me? I reached out in the dark, but felt nothing more alarming than the frescoed walls and the doors of the vestibule. Benumbed and exhausted I dragged myself up to my room, threw myself on the bed without disrobing, and sank into a heavy, unrestful slumber.

I cannot adequately describe the effect of that night of terror upon my mind and life. From being a man of iron nerves, I became nervous and sensitive to the point of actual cowardice. I was afraid to walk in the open air at night alone. I started at every shadow—every footfall had a terror for me until I could see its owner. When I reached home, after being abroad at night, I unlocked the door, sprang within and hurriedly closed it, as though the invisible Thing was still following upon my footsteps.

Toward the close of September an old school chum who had been at an eastern college making a physician of himself, and who was about to establish his practice in New York, came home for a brief rest, and for a week or more, beside being my guest, shared my bed, so that, without interruption, we might fight our schoolboy battles over again.

One evening he had gone out alone, and, as he had not returned when I was ready to retire, I locked the door, resolving to get up and let him in on his arrival. The day had been a long one and I was greatly fatigued. In a few minutes I was sound asleep. About three o'clock I awoke and, with a natural instinct, reached over to see whether my chum, Jack, had come in. My fingers touched a soft, yielding body, and I could distinctly feel the regular rise and fall of the chest as the form beside me slept.

"Dear old Jack," I thought, and relapsed into sleep again.

A series of sharp knocks at the door startled me out of a fitful dream, and I sprang up to see the sunshine pouring in through the window.

The quilts were humped up on the opposite side of the bed, as though Jack had become chilly during the night, and bundled himself up in them like a mummy.

The knocking at the door was repeated, and still only half awake, I shuffled to the door, and opened it.

As I am a living man, Jack, whom I had thought still asleep in the bed walked into the room.

He was laughing heartily. "You're a tremendous sleeper," he said. "I thought I would arouse the whole house last night trying to wake you, and then I had to give it up and sleep on the sofa in the sitting room. What on earth—"

The expression of terrorized amazement on my face must have alarmed Jack, for he stopped suddenly and looked at me with a glance of curious questioning.

"What on earth's the matter?" he continued presently.

"Do you mean to say you were not in this room last night?" I asked. My voice sounded scarcely louder than a whisper.

"Most assuredly I do," was the reply.

"And you didn't sleep in that bed with me?"

"Why, no! of course not."

"Jack, Jack," I cried, "for God's sake don't trifle with me. Say it is all a jest—tell me you were in this room last night—that you slept in my bed. Jack, old fellow, isn't it true that you got up early and left the room, and now you've come back to play a practical joke upon me?"

The surprise depicted on Jack's face was evident.

"I don't know what you mean," he said. "I simply know that I was not in this room last night, and that I certainly did not sleep here. Besides, how could I enter the room without you unfastening the door, and how could I have locked the door after leaving the room?"

In my anguish of mind I had forgotten that the door was locked. There could be no doubt of it. Jack had not been in the room, but It was.

"It is true, then," I fairly screamed. "It is true! The Thing has been here—here in my room—bolts and bars cannot keep it out. Oh! God, I am lost, lost!"

Jack took my hand. "You've been dreaming, old fellow," he said, "and besides," he added, "you've got a fever. Let me prescribe for you."

"No, no," I cried, "it is no dream. I wish it was. Come, come, look here!" I dragged him over to the bed—to that side of the bed where It had been and where the covers were yet raised, as though some form lay huddled beneath them. "Look," I cried, as I threw back the covers and disclosed the disordered bed, "can you doubt that some one has slept there?"

"No," he said, "surely not, but—it was yourself."

His disposition to make light of the matter goaded me into telling him the whole story. He seemed interested, and when I spoke of how I had fallen to sleep with my arm around the form of the Thing that slept beside me, he looked considerably startled. But when I had finished he put his hand on my shoulder in his old familiar way and said:

"You need attention more than I thought. You have been working too hard, and your head isn't just right. Try to realize how preposterous the whole thing is, and dismiss it as an hallucination."

I saw that it would be useless to try to convince him that he was wrong or to endeavor to shatter his theory; so I simply said: "Perhaps you are right," and later, when he proposed to put me under a regular course of experimental treatment, I acquiesced, willing to please him, but satisfied in my own mind that the skill of no physician on earth was competent to help me.

This second visitation made a far more lasting impression than the first one, and my nervousness increased. During the balance of Jack's visit we always retired together. I took his allopathic doses dutifully, and listened to, without attempting to combat, his arguments, when he endeavored to prove what a poor, imaginary thing my ghost was. But when at the sound of a strange footfall, I started in terror, or, sitting down at table beside an empty chair, I instinctively reached out as though to twitch some unseen object, his face revealed the pity he felt for me. He alone knew how much I suffered. When, finally, he went away, all hope seemed gone out of my life.

Perhaps you will blame me for what I am about to tell you. I deserve your condemnation. But what human creature, however sorely oppressed and tortured, can resist the influence of a woman's love. She was not more beautiful than other women; but we loved and were married. She trusted me implicitly. She did not know there was a dark, horrible something in my life that might one day wreck her young life as well as mine. I did not tell her. That is where I was weak and selfish.

For awhile the happiness of my new life drove away the dark fears that shadowed me. But it was only for a few short months. Then the old terror came back with tenfold bitterness and dread. Since that night when it had slept beside me I had not actually felt its presence, but the horror that was always in me, that it would come back, drove me to the verge of despair.

My wife noticed my abstraction, and her loving eyes looked into mine with a new tenderness, but to all her sympathetic questioning I could simply answer that there was nothing troubling me that she might share.

Somehow I got a mad idea into my head that if It ever came back I might kill It; and with a strange, murderous instinct I purchased a small, sharp-pointed dagger and constantly carried it with me, hidden under my coat. At night I hid it beneath my pillow. How I kept her from seeing it was a marvel.

One day, when she had gone home to her parents for the day, she sent me word that she would not return until the following morning. At eleven o'clock I went to bed and quickly fell asleep.

Early in the morning I awoke. The blinds were closed, and the room was densely dark, but I knew that I was not alone. I could hear deep breathing in the bed beside me. Reaching over, I felt the flesh of a living form. I started up with a cry of horror. It had come back to me again. My wife was away, and the hideous Thing that had made my life a curse was beside me in her place.

Quietly I rose upon my knees, and, grasping the dagger firmly in my hand, drove it into the silent figure beside me.

The next instant there was a shriek—a wild, agonized scream of pain and anguish—then all was quiet. In a strange tumult of mingled exultation and terror I sprang up and threw open the blind.

My God! Can I ever forget it? As the light streamed in it fell across the bed and lighted up the dead face of my wife. She had come in while I slept, and I, frenzied by the fancied presence of that invisible apparition, had killed her.

"What do you think of him?" asked the police sergeant as the reporter came out of the prisoner's cell.

"Crazy—crazy as a loon."—W. D. Coxey, in Chicago Journal.

LONDON'S WATER SUPPLY.

The Great City Sadly in Need of Better Provisions.

One of the problems demanding a speedy solution in London is that of the water supply. From a report recently submitted by a special committee of the county council it appears that matters are coming to a crisis much more rapidly than was expected. Twenty years ago the different water companies thought that the metropolitan and suburban population might possibly reach a total of 4,500,000, or even 5,000,000, at some remote period, whereas it has already passed the 5,500,000 limit. It is plain, therefore, that all previous estimates must be revised. Experience shows that the amount of water passing down the Thames, especially in dry seasons, is less than was looked for, while the companies are drawing sixty per cent. more than they did in 1867. No more water can be got out of the river Lea or suburban wells, and all schemes for reservoirs in the valley of the upper Thames have been rejected as very dangerous. Another very serious point is the danger of pollution as the tide of population advances up the stream. Most of the available water-producing areas of the country have been appropriated already by the larger cities, as is proved sufficiently by the fact that the London city council committee and a committee from Birmingham are both eager to obtain control of the same district in mid-Wales, with the view of creating a colossal reservoir. The statement that London is going to Wales for water explains the situation. What the London committee chiefly fear is that Birmingham may steal a march upon them and obtain possession of the coveted watershed in Wales. The London county council has no power in the premises, but will do its best to hasten parliamentary action.—Chicago News.

A Novel Sort of Fuel.

The recent advocacy by some of the use of atmospheric air as fuel is pronounced one of the most remarkable results of modern experiment with one of the essential elements of the universe. As is well understood, air is mixed with coal gas and with hydrocarbon vapors, and the compound when burned generates a much greater heat than when the air is absent; so, too, a powerful air blast is a great economizer in smelting and reducing ores. The new fuel, however, is the air itself, which in a powerful blast is directed upon an incandescent substance—say coal made white hot, pure carbon, or any other material that can be made to glow. Coal hydrocarbons, or what not, may be employed to give the initial incandescence, but once the blast strikes the luminous body the utmost intensity is secured of heat, apparently by the combustion of the air, and may be maintained for an indefinite period. This is accomplished by merely preserving the incandescence of the surface—a result brought about by a slight manipulation of the surface thus in an incandescent state and with some slight renewal of the carbonaceous material.—N. Y. Sun.

A Civilized Savage.

"Those Chinese are as bad as the savages of Africa," said old Bullion.

"Why, so?" asked Trillion.

"They actually buy and sell their wives."

"They are a bad lot, that's a fact, and I sometimes wonder whether it is worth while trying to civilize them."

"That's right sure. By the way, how are your family?"

"All well but Maud."

"Anything serious?"

"No—disappointed in love, she calls it. She wanted to marry that poverty stricken Marshall, but I set my foot down pretty solid." — Philadelphia Press.

—Anxious Mother.—Mrs. Lovely—"My dear, you must accept some one of your many admirers pretty soon." Miss Vera Lovely—"Why, mamma?" "Because the parlor carpet near the lounge is getting all worn out where they have got down on their knees to propose."—Boston News.

—And the Waiter Waited.—Guest—"I suppose you expect a tip, waiter." Waiter—"Yes, sir." Guest—"Do you think you will get it?" Waiter—"Yes, sir; all things come to those who wait."—Yankee Blade.

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HOUSEHOLD BREVITIES.

—Oatmeal Griddle Cakes.—Two cupfuls of oatmeal, one cupful of wheat flour, a teaspoonful of brown sugar, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted into the flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, cold water enough to make a batter as thick as buckwheat cakes.—Housekeeper.

—Jumbles are made with three cupfuls of sugar, two cupfuls of butter, one egg and five cupfuls of flour with any flavoring preferred. Roll the paste thin, sprinkle it with sugar, cut in round cakes, and cut a small piece from the center of each. Bake in a quick oven.—N. Y. World.

—Toast For Garnishing.—For poached eggs, cut the bread into rounds with a large cake-cutter before toasting. For small birds or asparagus, remove the crusts and cut into oblong pieces. For minces and fricasees, cut into small squares or diamonds. For a border, cut, after toasting, into one and one-half inch squares, and then into halves diagonally, making triangles or cut into long-pointed triangles.—Boston Budget.

—To make pie crust flaky spread the crust when rolled out for the top of the pie with a thin layer of butter. Dredge with flour, and cover the pie with the crust as usual. When ready for the oven tip the pie slanting, holding it in the left hand, and pour over the pie a glass of cold water to rinse of the flour. Enough of the latter will stick to the butter to fry into the crust while baking to make it flaky. This is well worth a trial.—N. Y. Tribune.

—To Fry Trout.—Having cleaned the fish and cut off the fins, dredge them with flour. Have ready some beaten yolks of eggs and in a separate dish some grated bread crumbs. Dip each fish into the eggs and then strew them with bread crumbs. Put some butter or fresh drippings into a frying-pan and hold it over the fire till it is boiling hot; then, (having skimmed it) put in the fish and fry them. Prepare some melted butter with a spoonful of mushroom catsup stirred into it. Send it to the table hot to eat with the fish. Flounders may be cooked in the same manner.—Home.

—Potatoes With Parmesan Cheese.—Put two small tablespoonfuls of white gravy into a stewpan with a quarter of a pound of butter, two ounces of Parmesan cheese, the juice of half a lemon, a seasoning of pepper, salt and nutmeg, and the yolks of four well-beaten eggs, and set it over the fire to become hot; place a border of croutons of fried bread round a dish; put a row of potatoes cut into slices within the border; pour over it some of the above sauce; then arrange some more slices of potatoes in a smaller circle; then a layer of the sauce; and so on, until a raised center is formed; put a little sauce over the top, and cover it well over with two ounces more of the cheese and some bread crumbs; bake it for about twenty minutes, and serve hot.—Boston Herald.

NOVEL IDEAS ABOUT DOILIES.

Working Quotations Appropriate to the Month of the Year.

Doilies made to match the lunch cloth would be very pretty. A narrow hem and two narrow bands of drawn work, with feather-stitching done in pointed lines, will make the appropriate edge, and the space within may be occupied by an initial or left plain.

A set of doilies containing allusions to the months, both in text and flowers, will be a charming remembrance for an artistic friend when the gift season comes, as come it will, long before we are ready for it, if we long ago began our preparations. The little linen doilies with hemstitched edge can be bought so cheaply that it is not worth while to make them. Draw upon each one of the set a flower or flowers appropriate to a certain month, and write a motto to be worked in outline stitch with black silk. A pretty sentiment for one, "September waves her golden-rod." On one side of the doily is a beautifully worked spray of golden-rod done with yellow silk in French knots. On another one the flowers are roses, the motto, "Sweetest roses welcome June." Some other sentiments which may be accompanied by suggestive flowers are: "The violet hides from March's rough caress." "Our vine-wreathed king, October." "Poppies bloom in the field in fair July." "Hips and haws in bleak November." "September's child, the meadow-bell." "The stately foxglove, August's love." "The satin holly of December." "The gracious pine not even January's blast can strip." "The lichen soft is February's wintry smile." "Fruition's promise comes in May." "November's frost lays bare the nuts." "Anemone, sweet April's lady." In working the quotations emphasis is given to the name of the month by working it in a color, while the remainder of the lettering is done with black.—Harper's Bazar.

Table Details.

The little thing of a table go far to make a good dinner, and where they are neglected there is only one result. But let close attention be paid to them, and those who received the benefit will not be slow to notice them. Care in little things generally means perfection in larger ones, and the woman who, at the head of the boarding-house, keeps her eyes on the former can be trusted for the latter. Butter may taste just as well where each boarder helps himself from one piece; but the taste of the hostess is noticed when it is served in forms found beneath a covering of chopped ice. These are the little things which make up a successful whole, and she is a wise woman who appreciates the fact.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Velvet Again in Vogue.

Silk velvet comes to the fore this season as a fabric pre-eminently adapted for trimming the new dress materials. Velvet skirts are also highly fashionable once again, and are worn beneath open-fronted coats of satin brocade, that have vests of white or ecru silk, embroidered, and finished with a lace frill that goes around the neck of the high collar, and is jaboted all the way down the front of the vest.—Chicago Post.

ADDTIONAL LOCALS.

—The roads and streets are now in an excellent condition.

—Centre county political aspirants are already laying their fences for 1893.

—Mr. Charles Cruse played the piano in the opera house on Wednesday evening and played it very well.

—Some man had a fit in the opera house last night after the performance. He was carried out by the police.

—A number of the stores in Bellefonte have already gotten in their stock of holiday goods. All that now remains for them to do is to advertise them well.

—And now the Undine Fire Company has got a notion to purchase a new fire engine. Come to think of it, another engine wouldn't be a bad thing to have.

—It is said that a new company, to be headed by Harrisburg capitalists, are negotiating for the chance to run the Bellefonte Nail Works. We hope they may be successful.

—A foundation of solid masonry, almost ten feet in thickness, is being put down in the new electric light works building on which will rest their large new engine and Arc light dynamo.

—The first convention of the Altoona District Epworth League will be held in the First M E. church of Altoona, on Thursday. December 17. Every society in the district is urged to send as large a delegation as it can.

—Prof. Ellsworth, the professional horse trainer and doctor, who is teaching a class in one of the old buildings in the rear of the McClain block, certainly well under. stands his business. The professor seems to be able to induce the four-footed animal to do most anything at all.

—Mr. Simon Loeb. the enterprising clothing merchant of Allegheny street, contemplates moving from Bellefonte to Philadelpiha in the near future. Bellefonters will be sorry to lose such an enterprising business man, and we hope Mr. Loeb may reconsider his intentions.

—A right fair sized house greated Hettie Bernard Chase in "Uncle's Darling" in the opera house Wednesday evening. The play is cleverly written and was well acted by Hettie and her supporting company. The various animals created considerable interest with their appearance upon the stage. The scenery was also fine.

—Eighteen hundred and ninety-one is rapidly drawing to its close, and it deserves to be said of it that it will stand on record as most remarkable for disasters of nearly every kind, whether by land or sea. It has recorded more disastrous cyclones, more terrible storms at sea, more railway catastrophes more damaging floods, official dishonesty and the deaths of a greater number of prominent people than any of its predecessors, at least such is the statement of men who have kept accurate tally of its events.

—A telegram from Houtzdale says: The Houtzdale bank receivers will pay the first dividend of 15 per cent to the depositors on or about December 20. They have made a careful estimate of the assets of the bank, and are of the opinion that about 50 per cent can be paid from its resources without any aid from Clearfield. The amount that the bank will receive from Clearfield, together with other assets now unavailable, but which will be converted into money in time, it is thought will be sufficient to pay all the creditors in full.

—The Scientific American, published by the great patent agency firm of Munn & Co., New York, is the most practically useful publication of its kind in the country Indeed, it occupies a field distinctively its own. Not alone for the machinist, manufacturer, or scientific, but it is a journal for popular perusal and study. It is the standard authority on scientific and mechanical subject. It is placed at a very low rate of subscription, $3 per annum, which places it within the reach of all. Subscriptions will be received at the office of this paper.

—January 1st State College will have another paper. With the first number of volume VI, the *Agricultural Science*, a monthly journal published in the interests of agricultural research, rural economy, and education, will come under the editor and proprietorship of Wm. Frear, Ph. D., Professor of Agricultural Chemistry in the Pennsylvania State College and Vice Director and Chemist of the Pennsylvania State College Agricultural Experiment Station. The editor will have the aid of a corps of associate editors widely known in their special lines of work. A prominent feature of the journal will be the Advertiser's Directory under the personal direction of the advertising editor, Mr. Wm. H. Caldwell.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. S. Cheney & Co. Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

CRISP OR MILLS, WHICH?

THE RACE FOR THE SPEAKERSHIP OF THE NEXT *HOUSE*.

WASHINGTON, December 3.—During this afternoon estimates were made of the strength of the several candidates of the speakership. Crisp's friends counted between ninety-three and ninety-six names, which, they said, were certain to be cast for Georgia's representative on the first ballot. A conservative but earnest supporter of Mills said that Mills has nearly seventyfive vote. This congressman was confident the number would be increased by Saturday and expressed himself as sanguine of the final result. The friends of Mills assert that he will gain most from defection in the ranks of other contestants and they will look for his election by the withdrawal of other candidates Crisp's supporters are no less earnest in their assertion that when the break comes Crisp will be so near the prize that he will win easily.

The chief work to-day has been directed against Springer's forces. The Illinois candidate has spoken with more strength than any one was willing to concede to him at first, and one of his lieutenants said that Springer had at least forty votes to be cast in his favor on the first ballot. McMillin's canvass is progressing smoothly and there are a great many representatives who think exceedingly well of him, but will vote for other candidates until some change developes in the situation.

The canvass of the minor offices is overshadowed by that for the speakership. Dalton, of Indiana, who was a candidate for the clerkship, found that there were differences in his state delegation on his candidacy and has withdrawn, leaving the race to ex-Representative Kerr, of Pennsylvania, Crutchfield, of Kentucky, and Representative Clark, of Missouri, who was clerk of the house during the Fiftieth congress. There are also a number of candidates for the other elective offices under control of the house. The distribution of these offices is largely dependent upon the result of the speakership contest.

At a meeting of New England delegates to-night the discussion showed that ten of the fourteen members were for Mills for speeker.

YOUR WIFE'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

New York World.

About this time your wife is wearing out her nerves in an endeavor to secure something that will gratify you at Christmas as her present to you.

Her task is a loving one, but wearisome—only wives know how wearisome. There are so few things that are appropriate, and you already have so many of the few. Moreover, she must purchase judiciously. She is limited in ways that you are not in this Christmas business. She must secure the becoming gift at a cost within the imperfectly known limit of your financial ability, while you, in buying something for her, may be as extravagant as you please, because you can pinch the extravagance out of her allowance for household expenses afterward.

Besides for all this, the gift you get for her costs you nothing but money; the gift she makes you costs her thought, worry and that most toilsome of all things, shopping. She must spend hours in stuffy, overcrowded shops; she must price things here, there and everywhere; she must consult and consider, in distressing uncertainty as to the fitness of things to satisfy the whimsical masculine taste.

And all this she does with a loving tenderness for you which is in itself a gift of priceless worth. Do you think it well, on the whole, to reward her toil, her patience and her love of getting off the cheap joke afterward about you having to pay for your present yourself?

There is not any wit in that joke; it is as stale as a loaf of bread from a Pompeiian oven, and its utterance is illmannered, inconsiderate, brutal.

Moreover, it isn't true. If you have a good wife she earns every dollar she spends, whether upon herself or for you. The mere fact that she receives the money from you, and not from an outsider, and that it goes to her at irregular times and in uncertain sums, makes no manner of difference. The money is hers, and the money is the very smallest part of what she invests in your Christmas present. She puts her precious affections into its procurement, and if you have any true appreciation in your soul you will value her gift for what it signifies, not merely for what it is.

Especially you will avoid the mistake of supposing that you paid for it. If you are commonplace enough to entertain such a thought you are bankrupt in the kind of treasure that has gone to purchase your wife's gift to you, and could not have paid for it to save your very small soul.

THEY SAY.

That the person who is too good for any use is good for nothing.

That it does not hurt a belle to have her ball dress shot with silver.

That the drum sticks made lots of music after the sun went down.

That every teacher in the county should attend the coming institute.

That "stars and stripes" is now the restaurant name for pork and beans.

That raw onions will break up an engagement of no matter how long standing.

That five hundred turkeys were devoured in Clearfield on Thursday last, and less than $100 paid out in doctor bills and fines.

That a church service opens with prayer and closes with the benediction, while a printing office usually opens with the devil and is generally closed by the sheriff.

SHE WAS SOLD FOR $10.

ANOTHER REMARKABLE CHAPTER IN THE LIFE OF JULIA SHEEHAN, AN HEIRESS.

A telegram from Hamilton, Ills., printed in Wednesday's Pittsburg Times, says: There is yet another chapter in the romantic history of Mary Sheehan, of Pittsburg, who has recently come into posession of a $40,000 estate and a husband, a young printer of New Castle, Pa., named Parker, to whom she was married on Thanksgiving day.

It seems that, when a little girl, she was spirited away from Hamilton and subsequently sold for $10.

She was the child of Thos. Sheehan and Mary Best, and was given to Sheehan's brother-in-law, Garret Gibbons, to care for. Gibbons went to Keokuk, Ia., in 1855 While there his wife and a child died. He reported to the girl's father that the child which had died was Mary Sheehan. It was learned that the dead child was a boy and was buried in the Catholic cemetery at Hamilton. An aged woman who now lives here prepared the child for burial.

In 1857 Gibbons removed to Leavenworth, Kan., taking Mary with him. There all trace of him was lost. The girl, now a woman, relates that Gibbons sold her to a strolling player for $10. Her new master and his wife quarreled and separated, and the girl was placed in a convent at St. Louis. She remained there several years, and one day an Illinois farmer came and took her out. She grew to young womanhood at his home. While yet a girl she remembered of having been taken to a large market place, where she met a strange woman who acted very queer. Subsequently she learned that the woman was her mother, but at the time the woman didn't make herself known.

After the child had grown to maturity all trace of her was lost until she saw her mother's advertisement and answered it. Her father had died in the meantime. He was a money lender and left an estate worth $60,000, to which the long lost child was the only heir. When attorneys for the Sheehan heirs visited Keokuk and Hamilton she had brought suit to establish her claim and the judge had continued the matter until more positive evidence could be collected: All the time the mother recognized the claimant as her long lost daughter. One day while the trial was progressing a strange man entered the court room. Immediately the claimant asked her attorney, "Who is he?" The attorney did not know. After a few moment's reflection she said: "That is the man who sold me." And it proved to be Gibbons.

TO MAKE A CHRISTMAS CAKE.

Here is an excellent recipe from the December *Ladies' Home Journal* which is guaranteed will make a thoroughly satisfactory Christmas cake, provided, always, the directions are carefully followed.

One pound each of sugar, butter, citron and currants; two pounds of raisons, seeded; one and one-half pounds of flour, two-thirds of a cup of currant jelly, twelve eggs one tea-spoonful soda, the same of salt; a dash each of cayenne pepper and black pepper, and one cupful of molasses. Divide the flour into two parts: into one part put one teaspoonful of cinnamon; one nutmeg, grated; one-fourth teaspoonful of cloves, and two-thirds teaspoonful of allspice. Mix fruit with the other half of flour. Cream the butter and sugar, add the eggs, well beaten; dissolve the soda in warm water, and stir the molasses. Mix all well together, and put in pans lined with buttered paper. This will make two large loaves. Bake in a moderate oven for two hours. The result is a Christmas cake which will delight the heart of a good housewife and please the palates of those who eat it.

Alone on the Prairie.

The dav was in that transitory state when twilight in the lap of day and darkness struggles for the ascendency. The sun hung in a great red ball of lurid flame betwixt heaven and earth; there was a feeling of profound quiet which seemed to settle on all things animate and inanimate. The birds, the insects, the very trees and sprouting plants were for the moment hushed as if in expectancy of some unforseen, some inexplicable something which to pervade the very atmosphere. A bull frog gurgled softly as he fell back into the limpid water. Suddenly over the brow of a distant hill, there appeared, a solitary man, seaten astride a great bay horse: he cast one long sweeping glance around him and then went back over the brow of the hill again. And that same night over seven hundred people were turned away unable to gain admission to the Opera house where "She Couldn't Marry Three" was being played to the most delighted audience of the season.

SPECIMEN COPIES.

Of newspapers and Magazines. For 10 cents I will send you five specimen copies (all different kinds) and a catologue of 5.000 newspapers and magazines, telling how and where to get them cheap. Agents wanted. Address

Excelsior Newspaper Agency,
Medina, N. Y.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box.

FOR SALE BY—C. M. Parish.

A GREATE ARTISTE.

Hassenforder Safe Co., the energetic managers, have spared neither expense or labor in presenting their latest and greatest success, "She Couldn't Marry Three." The company includes Miss Lillian Kennedy who is proclaimed by the New York papers "The most versatile actress who ever visited this country. Few actresses at her age are endowed with such transcendent talents in the whole range of the drama she shines resplendent, exciting tears or laughter at will, and with an ease and absence of effort that disarms criticism

She sings a ballad or comic song, dances a graceful skirt dance or break down, and all she does is imbued with the spirit of an innate artiste, a thorough musician: endowed with youth and uncommon beauty she seems destined at no distant day to reach the very pinnacle of dramatic eminence.

LADIES

In delicate health, the result of irregularity of the natural functions, or of any of the ills peculiar to your sex, if you will write me, I will send you full information in regard to my cure, together with a few samples of the genuine testimonials I have received from thousands of thankful women. The M. U. Pastilles have stood the test of 18 years in a very extensive medical practice and have never failed to give beneficial results. Sample 12 cents; full box $1.00. Do not fail to learn more of them at once. Dr. H. H. Jackson, 103, State Street, Chicago, Ill. jy 30—1y

KILLED AT ALLPORT MINES.

James Wilson, of Morrisdale, was killed in Allport mines Thursday afternoon about two o'clock. He was engaged in laying track, and was accidently run over by loaded mine cars, receiving injuries that resulted in almost instant death. Mr. Wilson was one of Mosrisdale's best citizens, and a man who enjoyed a large circle of warm friends. He leaves a wife and several children to mourn his sudden and extremely sad death.

MERIT WINS.

We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on there merits—C. M. Parish. Druggists.

ONE POUND
PEOPLES HORSE AND CATTLE POWDERS
TRADE MARK.
CONTAINS NO POISON
—FOR—
Horses, Cattle, Sheep & Hogs.
Excels any remedy for the rapid cure of Hard Colds, Coughs, Hide Bound, Yellow Water, Fever, Distemper, Sore and Weak Eyes, Lung Fever, Costiveness, Blotches, and all difficulties arising from impurities of the Blood. Will relieve Heaves at once. *Manufactured by the*
SOPPA MANUFACTURING CO., LYONS, N. Y.
FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS

Tutt's Pills
To cure costiveness the medicine must be more than a purgative. To be permanent, it must contain
Tonic, Alterative and Cathartic Properties.
Tutt's Pills possess these qualities in an eminent degree, and
Speedily Restore
to the bowels their natural peristaltic motion, so essential to regularity.
Sold Everywhere.

BEFORE YOU BUY A HAMILTON BOILER
SEND FOR OUR CATALOGUE AND PRICES
ATLAS ENGINE WORKS,
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

IF YOU CONSUMPTIVE
Use Parker's Ginger Tonic. It cures the worst Coughs, Weak Lungs, Debility, Indigestion, Pain, Take in time. 50 cts.
HINDERCORNS. The only sure cure for Corns. Stops all pain. 15c. at Druggists, or HISCOX & CO., N. Y.

HIRES ROOT BEER THE GREAT HEALTH DRINK
Package makes 5 gallons. Delicious, sparkling, and appetizing. Sold by all dealers. A beautiful Picture Book and cards sent, *FREE* to any one sending address to the C. E. HIRES CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

$1,000 a year is being made by John R. Goodwin, Troy, N.Y., at work for us. Reader, you may not make as much, but we can show you quickly how to earn from $5 to $10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages. In any part of America, you can commence at home, give all your time, or spare moments only to the work. All is new. Great pay MADE for every worker. We want you, foreshadow [illegible] SAMPLE WORKS [illegible]

SULPHUR BITTERS
The Greatest Blood Purifier KNOWN.
This Great German Medicine is the cheapest and best. 128 doses of SULPHUR BITTERS for $1.00, less than one cent a dose. It will cure the worst cases of skin disease, from a common pimple on the face to that awful disease Scrofula. SULPHUR BITTERS is the best medicine to use in all cases of such stubborn and deep seated diseases. Don't ever take
BLUE PILLS
or mercury, they are deadly. Place your trust in SULPHUR BITTERS, the purest and best medicine ever made.
Is your Tongue Coated with a yellow sticky substance? Is your breath foul and offensive? Your stomach is out of order. Use SULPHUR BITTERS and it will cure you. Sulphur Bitters is immediately absorbed by the blood. Is your Urine thick, ropy, cloudy, or high-colored?
Don't Wait!
Your Kidneys are out of order. Use SULPHUR BITTERS. It matter what ails you, use
Sulphur Bitters!
Don't wait until you are unable to walk, or are flat on your back, but get some at once, it will cure you. Sulphur Bitters is
The Invalid's Friend.
The young, the aged and tottering are soon made well by its use. Remember what you read here, it may save your life, it has saved hundreds. Don't wait until to-morrow,
Try a Bottle To-day!
Are you low-spirited and weak, or suffering from the excesses of youth? If so, SULPHUR BITTERS will cure you.
Send 3 2-cent stamps to A. P. Ordway & Co. Boston, Mass., for best medical work published?

Only Temperance Bitters Known.
VINEGAR BITTERS
VEGETABLE — FREE FROM — ALCOHOL
PURELY — DR. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA — TONIC
VINEGAR BITTERS
GRANDEST MODERN DISCOVER
Triumph of Pharmacy
The only true practical
ELIXIR OF LIFE AND HEALTH.
is one that promotes digestion, improves th appetite, cleanses the liver, purifies the blood, and stimulates brain and nerves without *injurious reaction*, and one that may be taken alike by adult or infant. Profane compounds, made of vile rum or bad whiskey, sweetened and flavored, under the titles of bitters, tonics, &c, produce effects far worse than the disease for which they are taken
Vinegar Bitters is a pure tonic, a nervine without being narcotic, a purifier without poison, a liver tonic without purging, and above all, a life-giving stimulan without alcohol. The only medicine with such powers in the world.
A GENUINE TEMPERANCE BEVERAGE,
far surpassing alcohol in any shape as a tonic it might be called
LIQUID LIFE,
since it stimulates, invigorates and regulates digestion, nutrition, secretion, excretion, respiration, and all the functions whereby life is maintained—we literally take in *vitality in spoonfuls*,
It is too much to assert that *the equal of Vinegar Bitters does not exist*, and no counterpart or compound with similar virtues has ever been known
CALIFORNIA,
if remarkable for nothing else, would be immortalized by the production of the medicinal fruits roots and herbs of which this Bitters is composed. Many of them used by the Indians and the medical profession in the treatment of chills and fevers rheumatism, catarrh, consumption, neuralgia headaches, liver complaint, kidney disease, jaundice, gout, piles, boils, skin diseases, &c., &c., too numerous to mention, but easily understood when the action of the Bitters on the vital functions is remembered. The discovery was partly accidental but the present
PERFECT BITTERS IS THE RESULT OF SCIENCE.
Millions of sufferers have gratefully and gladly endorsed, during the past quarter of a century the wonderful success of this
PHENOMENAL TONIC OF THE WORLD
In order to meet every probable demand, two formulas of the same ingredients are now put up.
THE OLD STYLE IS STRONGER, SLIGHTLY BITTER, AND MORE CATHARTIC.
THE NEW STYLE, PLEASANT TO THE TASTE, AND EXPRESSLY ADAPTED TO FEMALE WOMEN AND CHILDREN.
REMEMBER,
There is *no disease* of low vitality, debility of functions, or nervous prostration for which
VINEGAR BITTERS IS NOT CURATIVE,
and its singular power over the lower organisms renders it the implacable foe of
THE DEADLY MICROBE AND OMNIPRESENT BACTERIA
in malarial diseases, cholera, consumption, internal diseases, &c., and so great is its power as a germicide that it is an
UNEQUALLED VERMIFUGE.
A book could be written of its virtues, and another of testimonials, but it is only necessary to remember its general action upon the liver, blood brain and nerves, to realize its use in *a majority of the ills that flesh is heir to, and that no family should ever be without a bottle of*
OLD AND NEW STYLE VINEGAR BITTER IN THE HOUSE.
Send for our Ladies book. Address
Address R. H. McDONALD DRUG CO
2 Washington St. New York

I CURE FITS!
When I say CURE I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of
FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS,
A life-long study. I WARRANT my remedy to CURE the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a FREE BOTTLE of my INFALLIBLE REMEDY. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address
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POSITION SURE. Good Compensation.
LESSONS BY MAIL OR AT COLLEGE.
REMINGTON STANDARD TYPEWRITER.

RAILROADS

BALD EAGLE VALLEY RAILROAD.—TIME Table, Dec. 14, 1890.

STATIONS	Dis	EASTWARD A.M	WESTWARD A.M	P.M
LOCK HAVEN		4 40	9 15	4 20
Flemington—f	1.8	4 43	9 19	4 23
Mill Hall	3.0	4 46	9 22	4 26
Beech Creek	8.2	4 56	9 34	4 38
Eagleville—f	9.5	4 59	37	4 40
Howard	14.5	5 07	9 48	4 49
Mt. Eagle—f	17.7	5 14	9 56	4 56
Curtin	19.8	5 18	10 01	5 02
Milesburg	23.5	5 25	10 12	5 10
BELLEFONTE	25.2	5 35	10 25	5 20
Milesburg	26.8	5 46	10 38	30
Snow Shoe Int	24.8	5 48	10 [illegible]	32
Unionville	28.9	5 56	10 48	41
Julian	32.9	6 05	10 59	5 50
Martin	37.8	6 16	11 09	6 02
Port Matilda	40.4	6 21	11 17	6 06
Hannah—f	43.7	6 28	11 23	6 13
Fowler—f	45.8	6 30	11 26	6 15
Dix—f	46.5	6 33	11 29	6 18
Bald Eagle	49.2	6 41	11 36	6 25
Vail	51.1	6 44	11 43	6 29
East Tyrone	52.9	6 48	11 48	6 33
TYRONE	54	6 55	11 55	6 40

STATIONS	Dis	EASTWARD P. M.	P. M.
TYRONE		2 10	7 15
East Tyrone	1.8	2 17	7 22
Vail	3.1	2 20	7 28
Bald Eagle	5.9	2 25	7 33
Dix—f	8.8	2 30	7 39
Fowler—f	9.5	2 32	7 42
Hannah—f	10.6	2 34	7 46
Port Matilda	13.9	2 43	7 55
Martha	17.3	2 51	8 05
Julian	21.4	2 59	8 15
Unionville	25.8	3 10	8 25
Snow Shoe Int	29.5	3 18	8 36
Milesburg	29.8	3 22	8 40
BELLEFONTE	33.5	3 32	8 49
Milesburg	30.8	3 47	9 01
Curtin	34.4	3 01	9
Mt Eagle—f	36.6	10 04	9
Howard	39.8	10 14	9
Eagleville—f	44.4	10 24	9 19
Beech Creek	45.6	10 30	9 25
Mill Hall	51.3	10 [illegible]	9 [illegible]
Flemington	52.5	10 44	9 [illegible]
LOCK HAVEN	54.3	11 00	9 [illegible]

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD Time Table in effect Dec. 14th, 1890.

Westward Dis.	Stations	Dis.	Eastward A.M	P.M
P.M A.M			A.M	P.M
5 05 1 51	SCOTIA	26.6	9 21	4 47
5 25 10 21 5.3	Fairbrook	20.3	9 09	4 27
5 37 10 28 8.7	Penns. Furnace	16.9	8 56	4 15
5 44 10 34 10.6	Hostler	15.9	8 50	4 08
b 50 10 46 12.3	Marengo f	12.0	8 44	4 01
5 57 10 52 13.5	Leverville f	12.1	8 37	3 55
6 04 10 58 15.2	Furnace Road f	10.4	8 31	3 48
6 08 11 02 15.8	Dungarvin f	9.8	8 27	3 44
6 18 11 10 18.2	Warriors Mark	7.4	8 19	3 36
6 24 11 20 20.5	Pennington	5.1	8 10	3 26
6 40 11 32 23.5	Stover	2.1	7 58	3 1
6 50 11 40 25.6	TYRONE		7 50	3 1

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE RAILROAD.—Time Table, Nov. 24 1890.

Leaves Snow Shoe at 6.45 a m; arrives at Bellefonte at 8.45 a m.
Leaves Bellefonte at 10.30 a m; arrives at Snow Shoe at 12.15 p m.
Leaves Snow Shoe at 3.00 p m arrives at Bellefonte at 4.50 p m.
Leaves Bellefonte at 5.25 p m, arrives at Snow Shoe at 7.00 p m.

S S BLAIR, General Sup't.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE R. R.—BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R. To take effect Nov. 24th, 1890

Dis.	Westward a.m.	p.m.		Eastward a.m.	p.m.
.0	5.50	2.15	MONTANDON	5.50	9.20
1.5	6.15	2.25	Ar. LEWISBURG Lv	5.20	9.10
1.5	6.15	2.25	Lv. LEWISBURG Ar		9.10
5.4	6.30	2.35	Biehl f		9.00
6.8	6.35	2.40	Vicksburg f		8.55
10.7	6.45	2.50	MIFFLINBURG		8.45
13.1	6.52	2.57	Barber f		8.38
15.2	6.58	3.03	Swengle f		8.32
16.1	7.00	3.05	Millmont		8.27
18.6	7.08	3.14	LAURELTON		8.17
23.5	7.19	3.25	Pardee f		8.06
23.9	7.23	3.28	Cherry Run f		7.53
32.2	7.43	3.48	Paddy Mt. Tunnel f		7.43
33.9	7.48	3.54	Ingleby f		7.38
36.6	7.53	4.00	Coburn		7.30
39.6	8.01	4.08	Zerby f		7.23
43.4	8.10	4.17	Rising Springs		7.12
46.2	8.18	4.25	Penn's Cave f		7.05
49.2	8.24	4.30	CENTRE HALL		6.58
51.6	8.32	4.37	Gregg f		6.51
54.6	8.37	4.43	Lindus Hall		6.42
56.7	8.42	4.48	OAK HALL		6.38
58.8	8.46	4.52	LEMONT		6.34
60.2	8.51	4.57	Pale Summit f		6.29
63.9	9.00	5.06	Pleasant Gap f		6.19
65.2	9.04	5.10	Axemans f		6.15
67.4	9.10	5.15	BELLEFONTE		6.10

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Bellefonte Republican,

To CORRESPONDENTS. No communications published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer.

Correspondents should write upon but one side of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

CHAS. L. GATES, - - Editor and Business Manager. LESSEE

Local Department.

—The Witch.

—Uncle Tom's Cabin.

—She Couldn't Marry Three.

—Beautiful moonlight nights.

—Did you hear it rain last night?

—The deer season ends next Tuesday.

—It rained hard most all day on Friday.

—Only twenty-three more days until 1892.

—No entertainments this week but two next.

—Houtzdale is going to establish a poor farm.

—The foot ball season will soon be over.

—The new moon is a good distance south.

—The winter winds are now whistling around the corners.

—Crisp got there but the Centre county democrats wanted Mills.

—The thrifty housewife now maketh her Christmas fruit cake.

—What will become of Bellefonte? is a question now daily asked.

—Last year there was snow at this time of year. Indeed, there had been sleighing some time before this.

—It is said that several of Bellefonte's most prominent merchants contemplate soon retiring from business.

—So far there are no new and definite developments in the organization of a new company to run the nail works.

—Week after next is the week of the Teacher's Institute. Then the pretty school marms will own the town.

—There is considerable excitement at Fostoria, a short distance above Tyrone, over the discovery of a coal deposit.

—Wonder if the long distance telephone has stranded. It was to have been in Bellefonte a couple of weeks ago and it isn't here yet.

—And now all the New York millionaires are becoming seriously alarmed lest they may each and all be serenaded with a dynamite bomb.

—The family of ex-treasurer Cyrus Goss, of Boalsburg, is stricken with the whooping-cough, five of the children being afflicted, though none seriously.

—The nice, large dog belonging to Mr. James Milliken was run over by local freight on Saturday and injured so badly that it died in a few minutes.

—Unless more of the public works are put into operation in and around Bellefonte there will undoubtedly be much suffering among the poor this winter.

—We acknowledge receipt of a copy of the Annual rebort of the Secretary of Internal Affairs for which the Secretary, Hon. Thomas Stewart, has our thanks.

—The foot ball game on Saturday terminated more evenly than the one played several weeks ago, the score standing at close of game 8 to 6 in favor of the Academy.

—Thus far there has not been very much severe cold weather, notwithstanding all the weather prophets in creation prophecied bitter cold weather early in the eason.

—Whenever some person wants to create a little excitement he circulates a story in effect that some one of the now idle industries in and around Bellefonte is going to start up soon.

—The concert as rendered by the Boston Lyceum Concert company in the Presbyterian chapel was all that the music loving could desire and it was listened to by a large audience.

—On Friday Mr. Earle C. Tuten celebrated that most momentous occasion in the life of every young man, his tweuty-first birthday. May he live to see many more years come and go.

—State College defeated Haverford on Saturday in a game of foot ball, the score standing at the close of the game 58 to 0 in favor of the College. This gives the College eleven the championship pennant of the State League.

—Gorton's Minstrels held the fort in the opera house on Saturday evening. There was the usual amount of up-to-the-average singing and dancing, jumping, jugglery, etc., and a surfeit of comic conversation and jokes both old and new.

—"Christianity, if it means anything means sixteen ounces to the pound three feet to the yard, a just weight and just measure. It means honesty in all dealings, purity in all conversation a charity as broad as the race, unflinching integrity, sympathy, humanity to man, loyalty to God."

—Miss Lillian Kennedy and Mr. John J. Kennedy, the leading actress and actor in "She Couldn't Marry Three," are brother and sister to Mr. Alfred Kelsey, the Pipey O'Flynn of O'Flynn in Mexico.' It might also be added that Miss Lillian and John J Kennedy are artists of as great ability as Alfred Kelsey.

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

A SHORT AND UNINTERESTING SESSION MONDAY EVENING.

Council convened at seven o'clock with seven members present. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

Mr. Miller (colored) was present to ask exoneration of the taxes on the property of Rose Ann Miller.

Street committee reported boardwalk laid in front of property of J. C. Harper, on Linn street.

Water committee reported progress.

Fire and Police committee reported the organization of a new fire company.

Market committee reported the disbanding of the curb market for this season.

Finance committee reported balance due borough treasurer of 6,147.84.

The street committee were instructed to investigate and locate the line along the property of S. H. Diehl, on Willow Bank street and have Mr. Diehl put his fence on the line.

In regard to the request of Mr. Miller for exoneration of taxes against the property of Rose Ann Miller council refused to interfere and the taxes must be collected.

Mr. Bauer presented a request from Mrs. Graham for the exoneration of the taxes of 1890. The matter was referred to the Finance committee for its action.

In the matter of the organization of the Undine Fire company, No. 2, council instructed the secretary to request the officers of the new organization to be present at the next meeting of the borough council and submit to them their constitution and by laws for approval.

With the approval of the usual number of bills council adjourned.

OFFICERS ELECTED.

At a regular meeting of Dr. Geo. L. Potter Post, No 261 Dept. of Pa. G. A. R, on Saturday evening, December 5th, the following named comrades were elected as its officers for the year 1892.

Com.— Geo. F. Derr.
Sr. V.—Joseph S. Murray.
Jr. V. Com—Simon Parsons.
Quartermaster—W. H. Musser.
Surgeon—David B. Reese.
Chaplain—Thos. Wilson.
O. of D—W. H. Shultz.
O. of G—E. Kellerman.
Trustee for 3 years—J. C. P. Jones.

Delegates to the Dept. Encampment to meet at Pittsburg in Februray, 1892——W. H. Musser and James Kreps.

Alternates——W, H. Shultz and Simon Bathurst.

This was the largest meeting of the year, 56 comrades answering to their names when the roll was called to turn out for beans, coffee and hardtack after the meeting, which delicacies were kindly prepared by Mrs. Jemmia Parsons and Mrs. Sallie E. Musser.

Post 261 will have a public installation and campfire in Boggs' Hall on January 2nd 1892, when the above elected officers will be installed. Everybody is invited to this annual entertainment. Post 261 is now the largest Post in Centre county, having a membership of 98 in good standing. They also have the heaviest comrade in the county, he tips the beam at 263 pounds and is in good health, After the supper on the 5th he weighed 272.

The Longest Day.

It is quite important when speaking of the longest day of the year to say what part of the world we are talking about, as will be seen by the following list, which tells the length of the longest day in several places. How unfortunate are the children in Tornea, Findland, where Christmas day is less three hours in length.

At Stockholm, Sweden, the longest day is eighteen and one-half hours in length.

At Spitsbergen the longest day is three and one-half months.

At London, England, and Bremen, Prussia, the longest day has sixteen and one-half hours.

At Hamburg, in Germany, and Dantzig, in Prussia, the longest day has seventeen hours.

At New York the longest day is about fifteen hours long, and at Montreal, Canada, it is sixteen hours long.

Good and Evil Omens.

If you pay out money on Monday morning you well pay out money all the rest of the week.

It is unlucky to spill salt at the table, and to rub a hunchback will bring luck to any immediate project you may have in view.

To leave the house and then suddenly return to it is considered a bad omen. This is a very old superstition, but a very common one with us. Laodamia refers to it in her letter to Protestlaus after he had left for the Trojan war.

Some years ago I asked a neighbor to haul a dead horse from the premises. He declared if he did so one of his own horses would die within a year. I reasoned him out of the ruperstition and he removed the horse. Strange to say, one or the span of horses which he used for the purpose died shortly afterward.

"SHE COULDN'T MARRY THREE"

No company that we have ever heard of has ever come to our city with such favorable couriers as "She Couldn't Marry Three." They have the unanimous endorsement of the New York Press; and this, you may rest assured, will be your only chance to see this superior company, as they will make no stops going from San Francisco to New York City. We have no doubt of their success here.

INSTITUTE ENTERTAINMENTS.

During the coming session of the Teacher's Institute their will be three evening entertainments. The first one on Monday evening will be a lecture by Hon. Henry Houck, deputy State Superintendent of Public Schools, who will lecture on the subject "Bound to Win."

On Tuesday evening Hon. Henry Hall, of New York, will deliver his famous lecture on "The Gospel of Get There." Of this lecture the Beaver Falls Tribune says:

Hon. Henry Hall delivered the third lecture of the Library Course at the Sixth Avenue Theatre last night. His subject was "The Gospel of Get There," and a more finished literary production has never been delivered within the walls of the theatre, It fairly bristled with pungent points, sharp hits, common sense and witticisms, which the audience received with every manifestation of pleasure and appreciation, a fact well attested to by the applause and laughter that followed each well turned sentence, each sharp hit and witticism.

On Wednesday evening the entertainment will be by the Kellogg Concert Company, made up of Mr. Chas. D. Kellogg, the famous California bird,warbler and whistler; Miss Lena Devine, prima donna soprano; Miss Annie Russell, late contralto of Campanini operatic concerts; the Brothers Perry, instrumental soloists, and William B. Perry, musicial director. This undoubtedly makes up one of the best concert companies on the road and Superintendent Etters is to be congratulated on his success in securing them.

TEN TRUTHFUL THOUGHTS.

When we feel the narrowness of these lives of ours, each in its own small circle, we are consoled by knowing that every star must move within its limits, though space be around it.

The rich are only enviable in one attribute—their power to help the poor.

It is only in looking on death that we comprehend immortality, and only utter weariness gives promise of perfect rest.

The friend who becomes a lover continues still to be a friend; but the lover who becomes a friend ceases forever to be a lover.

When it is said of a man that he treats men and women just alike, you may be sure he treats them all as if they were men.

Sufficient unto the day is the evil there of; but sufficient unto a lifetime is often the evil of a single day.

Children are taught more than they ever learn, and learn more than they are ever taught.

Our bodies live in houses, because our souls live in bodies.

Wisdom, like many other human attributes, is only for the time. We are wise to-day, that to-morrow we may look back and say, "How foolish we are!"

The desire to teach is stronger than the desire to learn. We only study that we may be enabled to impart again.

TWO DEATHS.

On Sunday night at 12 o'clock, the spirit of Mrs. Weaver, of Howard street, took its flight from this world of care and sorrow to the world eternal. Deceased was over 60 years of age. Mrs. Weaver was one of the oldest, best known and most respected ladies of Bellefonte and her death will be generally mourned. She was the mother of Mr. J. C. and Mr. H. C. Weaver, two well known business men of Bellefonte. The family have the sympathy of all the neigeborhood.

MRS. FULTON.

On Sunday morning about 4 o'clock, Mrs. Fulton, relict of Mr. Jessie Fulton, died at her home near Centre Furnace, of consumption. The funeral will take place to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock. Mrs. Fulton had relatives in Bellefonte.

THE SHORT DAYS.

Wednesday we had the shortest afternoon of the year. The afternoons will remain at a standstill until the 13th, and then begin slowly to lengthen. The mornings will be getting shorter by some minutes until January 8th, and then commence lengthening gradually. The shortest day from sunrise to sunset occurs December 21—the day when the sun is nearest the earth, but then instead of shining perpendicularly upon our globe it sends its rays down obliquely, and thus causes the atmosphere to be cold.

—Quite an improvement has been made in the postoffice at Milesburg by the worthy postmaster, Mr. A T. Boggs. A room has been fitted up very cosily and completely to be occupied solely and above by the postoffice, and to make it more complete Miss Mary Lingle has been appointed assistant postmistress and that lady now gives her time and attention to the correct handling of Uncle Sam's mail matter. The postmaster is very well pleased with affairs in their present shape as it makes things convenient all around and the people expect at no distant day to have the free mail delivery in Milesburg.

"Tales from Town Topics. No. 2," the second of the series recently started by the publishers of New York Town Topics, has made its appearance. It is a collection of the favorite stories, poems jokes, etc., that have appeared in the pages of the journal itself. (Town Topics Published Co., 21 West 23d Street, New York.)

SIMON CAMERON'S GRANDSON.

HIS WIFE FROM WHOM HE PARTED IN LONDON, SEEKS ALIMONY IN THE COURTS AT HARRISBURG.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Dec. 3.—There was registered at the Lochiel hotel in the city one day last week a tall, handsome lady evidently of foreign birth. She gave the name of Mrs. Thomas Burnside and made inquiries for the Hon. Montgomery Foster and the Hon. John H. Weiss, executors of the will of the late Simon Cameron. Subsequently she called upon those gentle man and the purport of her visit has just been learned.

Thomas Burnside is a grandson of the late Gen. Cameron. He left Harrisburg some years ago and went to Chicago, where he was employed in the newspaper buisness for some time. He then engaged in theatrical matters and went to England as the representative of several prominent theatrical firms in this country. About ten years ago Mr. Burnside brought to this country a company of English actors and actresses, and subsequently after his return married one of the actresses, whose real name was Miss Miliholland, but whose name is not known here.

When Gen. Simon Cameron died he left his grandson, Thomas Burnside $70,000, the interest of which was to be paid for the maintenance of himself, his wife and children. The principal could be paid at the option of the executors. When Mrs. Burnside arrived in Harrisburg last week it was to secure for herself and son, who is now in London, some of the money left for their maintenance by Gen. Cameron. It is learned that some time ago Burnside brought suit for divorce in the London courts against his wife alleging infidelity on her part. Pending the trial of the case, which he never pressed, and which, on the part of the co-respondent was dismissed by the court, the court granted her alimony, and Burnside left for Paris, where he has been living for some time. Getting neither alimony nor maintenance from her husband she determined to come to America and consult the executors of Simon Cameron's will with a view to securing aid. Mrs. Burnside is a polished, refined lady with exceedingly gracious and modest manners and her actions while here created an excellent impression on those with whom she came in contact. Before leaving the city consulted an attorney, and it is understood that an action will be instituted against the Burnside money in the executor's hands and the court will be asked to decide whether under the will providing for the maintenance of Burnside, his wife and children a portion of the money can be paid to the wife direct.

IN OTHER COUNTIES.

The retail merchants of Williamsport have formed a protective association.

The Perry county teacher's institute is in session at New Bloomfield this week.

Jacob Scatto, one of Perry county's oldest citizens, is dead from a paralytic stroke.

One of Perry county's curiosities is, or was, an 18 months old turkey weighing 31½ pounds.

Winfield Farber, of Nicktown, Cambria county, claims to have shot 300 squirrels this season.

The Sons of America, of Calvin, Huntington county, will dedicate their new hall on the 18th inst.

Twenty-five children are said to have died of diphtheria within the last two months at Snow Shoe.

Daniel Rice, a Perry county farmer, has captured twenty-one coons this season, and the returns aren't all in yet.

It is said that the Methodist Episcopal church at Beech Creek, Centre county, was badly damaged by the recent storm.

They had three exciting run-offs in the staid old town of New Bloomfield on Monday, but fortunately nobody was hurt.

Mrs. A. L. Sheibley, of New Buffalo, Perry county, died on Sunday last, the "result of tumors in process of formation.'

The engine house of the Perry County railroad, near New Bloomfield, narrowly escaped destruction by fire the other night.

Diphtheria is still epidemic in Clairsville. Thirty deaths have occurred in that town from the dread disease within the last sixty days.

Miss Ida Clark, of Jersey Shore, who was horribly burned on the 14th of November, died on Monday last after more than two weeks of dreadful suffering.

An unoccupied dwelling house belonging to Thomas Stewart and located in Centre township, Perry county, was destroyed by an incendiary fire last Sunday night. No insurance.

THE TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE AND CAMPAIGN OF 1892.

THE TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE, the most prominent Republican weekly published, is the only political weekly newspaper in the United States that is edited with special reference to circulation in every part of the Union. It has subscribers in every State territory and nearly every county of the United States. It has always above 100,000 subscribers, and during a late Presidental campaign had 200,000 subscribers. People of all political parties take it. Aside from politics it is a favorite family paper, having more and better departments than can be afforded by papers of small circulation. Serial and Short Stories Wit and Humor, Poetry, Camp-fire (Soldiers), Farm Sunday School Lessons, Talmage Sermons, Young Folks, Poultry Puzzles, Household, (best in the world) Answers to Correspondents, etc., etc. Only One Dollar a year. Send postal to The Blade, Toledo, Ohio, for a free specimen copy. Ask, also, for confidential terms to agents if you want to easily earn a few dollars cash.

Personal Pencilings.

Mr. Adolph Loeb was an arrival in Bellefonte this morning.

Mrs. Cyrus Goss, of Boalsburg, spent Tuesday in Bellefonte.

Mr. Wilson Heaton, of Milesburg, is seriously ill with erysipelas.

Mr. James Laurie returned home from a trip to Philipsburg last evening.

Mr. J. M. Kephart returned Friday morning from a trip to Pittsburg.

Miss Leonia Maitland was a passenger on the 5.20 outgoing train Thursday evening.

Deputy revenue collector E. R. Chambers went to Lewisburg on Monday afternoon.

Mrs. D. H. Hastings has so far recovered from her recent illness as to be able to ride out.

Mrs. S. Durbin Gray and son, Durbin, were arrivals in Bellefonte on the 8.54 train Thursday evening.

Miss Emma Aikens, after quite an extended visit in Eastern cities, returned home on Thursday evening.

Gen. D. H. Hastings, after spending a couple of days at his home in this place, departed for the east on Monday.

Mr. Edward Legacy, the handsome proprietor of the Eagle House, Renovo, with his wife and daughter are visitors in Bellefonte.

Ex-deputy Sheriff R. K. Wilson, it is said, will in a couple weeks locate in Bellefonte where he will engage in some kind of business.

Ex-Commissioner Henry C. Campbell, who is in Bellefonte this week serving as a juror, made this office a call on Wednesday evening.

Auditor-General Thomas McCammant was in Bellefonte between trains Friday morning. He came in to see ex-Judge Orvis on legal business.

Mrs. Cameron Burnside was an arrival on the 5.20 p. m. train Thursday. She came up to attend the party given by Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Montgomery.

Mr. Lawrence Fusser, a resident of Bellefonte and a glass flattener in the works in this place, departed on Wednesday for Ithica, York State, where he expects to be engaged in the same busines.

Mr. R. M. Magee, the efficient State agent for the Brooklyn Life Insurance company and a good attorney besides, after spending almost a week in Bellefonte departed for his Philadelphia home on Wednesday.

Mr. J. Frank Tobert, whose home is in Jersey Shore but who for a number of years has been extensively engaged in lumbering at Coburn, this county, was in Bellefonte Friday evening and made this office a short call.

Mr. Edward Legacy, the handsome proprietor, of the Eagle House, of Renovo accompanied by his wife and little daughter departed for their home on Monday evening after an enjoyable visit among their relatives in Bellefonte.

Mr. Joe McSulley departed Thursday morning with the Hettie Bernard Chase company. He went along for the purpose of brightening things up by applying a fresh coat of paint to Miss Chase's private car. Joe seems to have attained a world-wide reputation as an artistic painter.

AND IT IS AGGRAVATING.

As a rule most people are intensely exasperated when, after wading through some exciting story in the newspaper which they have devoured with breathless interest, to find at the finish it is only a trap to advertise some wonderful soap or patent medicine. Of course its disappointing, but just consider how cleverly its done, and, by the way, what a wonderful industry has been developed in this mode of advetising. Some of the great medicine firms pay their advertising agent as high as ten thousand dollars a year, and a certain manufacturer of soap pays his advertiser twenty five thousand. Just think of it, and while you are thinking just remember that "She Couldn't Marry Three" is the best show on the road.

Dill Arrested Again.

Clearfield, Pa., December 8.—W. H. Dill, ex-president of the defunct First National bank, was arrested again to-night charged with converting $25,000 of the bank's funds to his own use. He gave bail in the sum of $30,000 for a hearing on Thursday. The information was made by John B. McGrath, cashier of the Houtzdale bank.

A FATAL WRECK.

AN EXPRESS COLLIDES WITH A GRAVEL TRAIN ON THE BOUND BROOK ROUTE.

PHILADELPHIA, December, 4.—The 4 o'clock express on the Bound Brook route from New York this afternoon collided with a gravel train near Pennington, N. J. Three persons said to be employes, were killed and a number injured. Particulars of the accident are difficult to obtain here because of the reticence of railroad officials who refuse to give any information whatever. It was learned, however, that the engineer of the passenger train, Frank Rodrigues, of this city, was brought to the Jewish hospital here. His left thigh is fractured and he is also suffering from a contused wound of the skull and concussion of the brain. His condition is serious. To the doctor who questioned him he said he had no knowledge whatever of the accident and doesn't know whether he jumped or stuck to his post. The fireman, Oscar Tuscher, of Philadelphia, was aslo seriously injured. He is thought to have been brought to this city but the railroad officials decline to give any information as to his whereabouts. The train on which the injured passengers were brought to this city was stopped at an up town station and those most seriously hurt were conveyed to their homes or hospitals in carriages. The killed are: Frank McLaren, of Philadelphia; Michael Maloney, Trenton, and Thomas Fitzpatrick, of Philadelphia the crew of the gravel train. All were unmarried. Seven others were injured more or less. They are Charles Wilson, of Germantown; Frank Rodrigues, of Philadelphia; Isaac Mariques, of Philadelphia; Dr. A. H. Dey, of Trenton; Charles Druidine, of Philadelphia; Oscar Tessner, of Philadelphia, and John Ward, of Trenton.

Rodrigues was the engineer of the express and was probably fatally injured. The dead were brought to the morgue here. The injured were removed to their homes. The express has the right of way. The construction train was slow in getting to a switch. The engine of the express train and smoking car were thrown from the track down a steep embankment. The engineer and fireman jumped from the cab and saved their lives.

IN OTHER COUNTIES.

The barn of John Smith, in Smith's Valley, Huntingdon county, was destroyed by an incendiary fire on Wednesday morning, with all its contents, except the stock.

Among the recent deaths at Everett were William M. Cornelius, an old soldier, aged about 60 years, and William Leonard aged 24 years.

Reports as received from the various counties show that the hunters are getting the full share of game, which the same is quite plentiful.

Lock Haven had two fires last Wednesday evening, one at the Baptist church, the other a private dwelling, but both were extinguished before much damage was done.

By the explosion of a lamp the dwelling house of Isaac Shofnooki, at Ludwig, Westmoreland county, was destroyed by fire yesterday forenoon. Loss $600; insurance $500.

H. Clay Smith, a young resident of Bedford, who has been devoting his attention to politics, whisky and women, is missing. He leaves behind him a number of forged notes and other debris.

At a meeting of the trustees of the Indiana State Normal school, held on Monday last, A. W. Wilson was elected to succeed the late Judge Clark as president, and W. S. Owens to succeed Mr. Wilson as vice president.

On Thursday evening Mrs. Rose Parkinson, of Johnstown, fell into her well, which is twenty feet deep and contains three feet of water. She was rescued by means of ropes and ladders and seems to be none the worse fer her misadventure.

Scott, a 17-year-old son of Henry Fulcomer, of West Wheatfield township, Indiana county, accidently shot himself in the face on last Wednesday, while cleaning a shotgun. His wounds are serious and may result in the loss of his evesight.

A 10-year old lad named Johnson, living at Myersdale, Somerset county, accidentally discharged the contents of a shot gun into his right breast the other day. Forty-nine shot entered his body, and, in spite of the fact that most of them remain there, he seems to suffer no inconvenience.

—A new and dangerous counterfeit five dollar bill has been getting its work among some business people in the eastern part of the state. It is a clever imitation of the "Series A. 1880" note. The portrait vignette and other work of the note is very much inferior to the genuine. In the title "United States" the "I" is not dotted, though heavy shading of the dot is there.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE